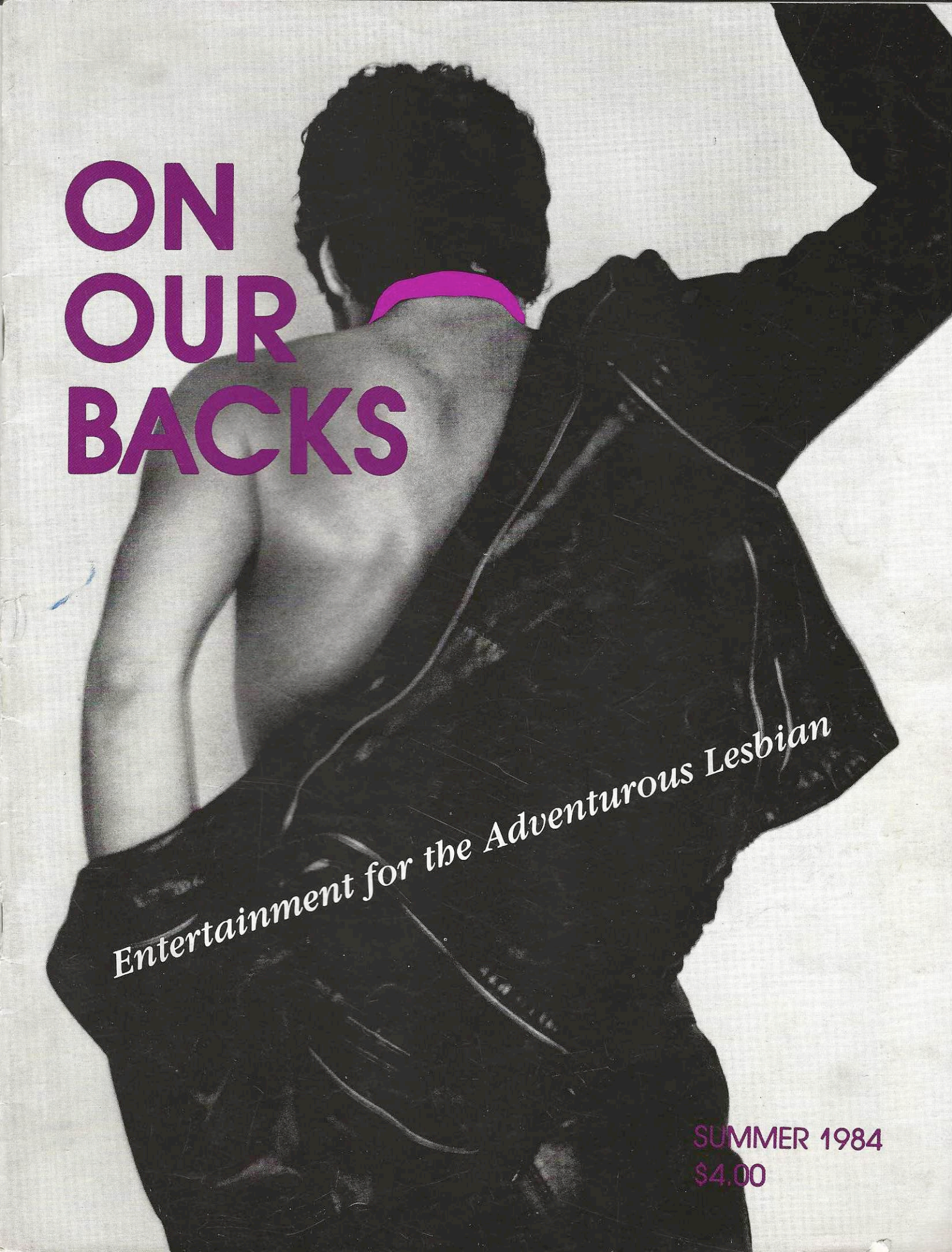
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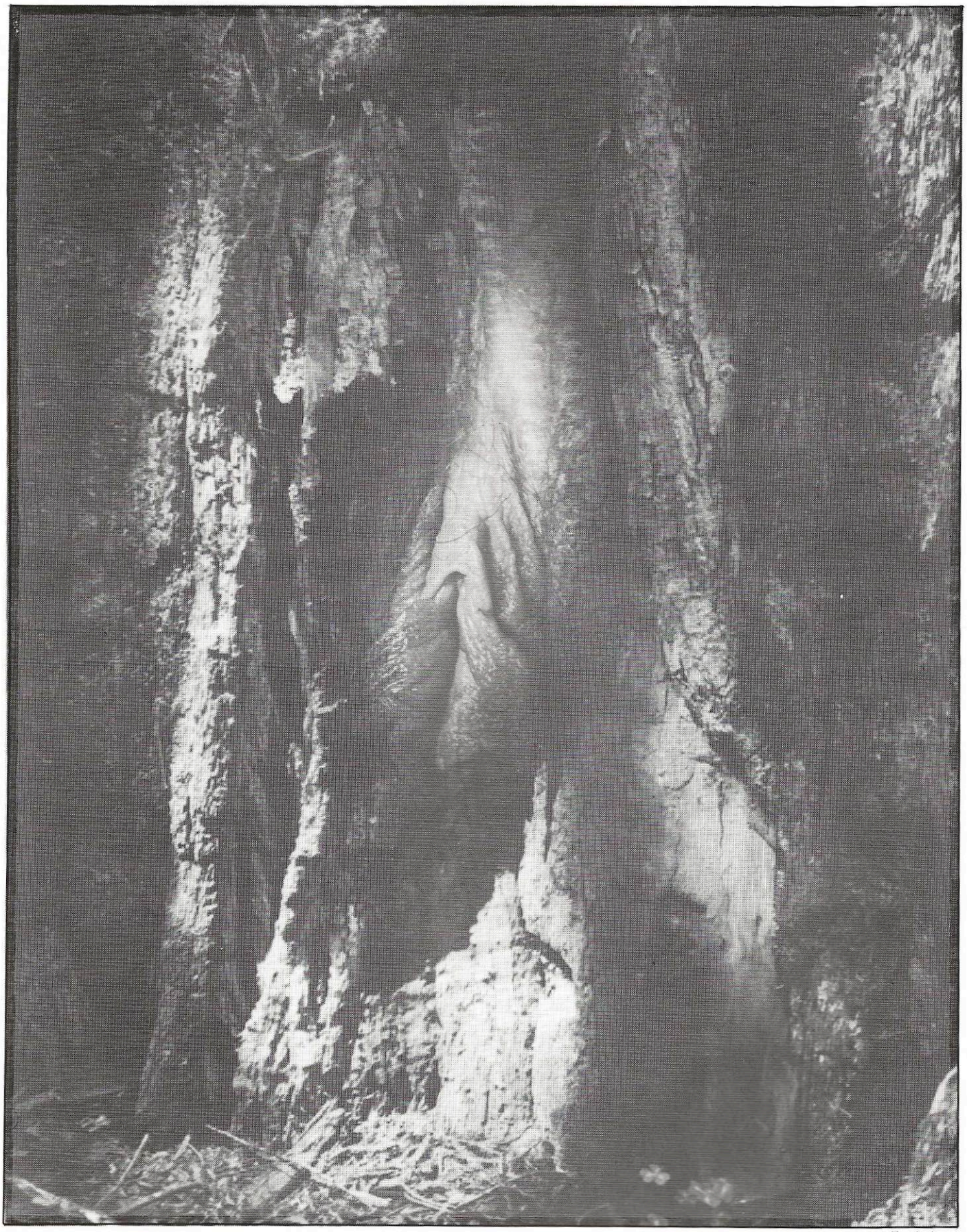

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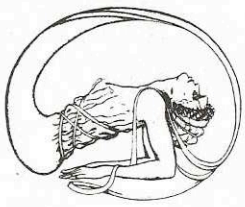

ON OUR BACKS

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I N S I D E

ISSUE ONE **SUMMER 1984** **ON OUR BACKS**

FROM THE EDITORS 4

COLUMNS:
Toys For Us by Susie Bright 13
A Personal Advice Column for Lesbians

FICTION:
A Piece of Time, by Jewelle Gomez 8
Lusty encounter at an island resort.
What Happens One Time, by Judith Stein 18
Fat passion and pleasure!
The Gift of Taking, by Joan Nestle 20
"I will do what you want, I will do it better than you have ever had it done to you, and you will give me everything there is in you to give."
Phantom Knights, by Fanny Fatale 32
A butch duo fulfill the fantasies of a cruising femme.

FEATURES:
Silvery Early Morning Light, by Giselle Commons 10
Reflections on Desire.
April First, 1984, by Gladys Fewkes Knightly 23
Satire: English S/M group meets Anti-Porn Crusaders.
Lesbian Strippers 5
Erotic Dance Benefits for *On Our Backs.*

COMIX:
Hell on Wheels, by Trix 14

CENTERFOLD:
On Our Backs Presents: *Honey Lee Cottrell* 24-25

POETRY:
Work by: Maggie The Top 27, 30
Madrona Burries 28
Sara Marsh 29
Pat Califia 31

PHOTOGRAPHY:
Work by: Tee Corinne 2
H.L. Cottrell 5, 13, 33
Katie Niles 21
Morgan Grenwald 27, 28, 29
Fran Roccaforte 30

GRAPHICS:
Work by: Sarita Johnson 8
Masako 11
Laurie White 18
Dawn Lewis 31
Noreen Scully 35

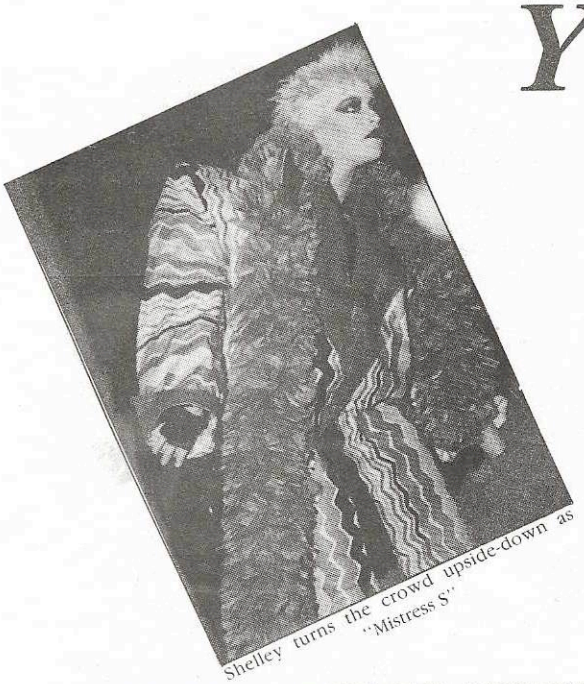
CLASSIFIEDS 46

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS 44

READERS SURVEY 37

Cover Photo: *L.A. Hyder* / Logo by *Noreen Scully*

YEAR OF THE LUSTFUL LESBIAN!



Shelley turns the crowd upside-down as "Mistress S"

YEAR OF THE LUSTFUL LESBIAN!

Dear Readers,

Yes, finally a sex magazine for lesbians! You are holding in your hands the culmination of a year's work and passion, and the product of many dykes' dreams! It is 1984, the year of the lustful lesbian. As our communities and media grow, we are learning more about the richness of our history and the range of our lifestyles and backgrounds. We are stronger and more visible than ever.

Lesbian sexuality is a vibrant and powerful aspect of our growth. It is as diverse and multi-flavored as all the parts of our lives. Towards the goals of sexual freedom, respect and empowerment for lesbians, we offer On Our Backs. This magazine is the child of a long tradition of lesbian sexual expression, and a unique contribution to our own era of sex.

In this first issue, we are proud to present a variety of sexual art by lesbians who range from pioneers in eroticism to those coming into print for the first time. Our contents include explorations of body image, sex toys, identity, s/m, butch/femme, relationships, sensuality and raw lust. We also have the largest collection of sex-oriented business advertising for lesbians ever assembled under one cover.

We have created something new in lesbian media and are proud of all the lesbians who have helped bring On Our Backs to birth. We especially appreciate our contributors, production crew and advertisers, and all of the individuals and bookstores who have supported us through their orders. We hope this debut issue does justice to the visions of all of you!

Long Live Lesbian Lust!

Myrna Elana
Debi Sundahl,
Editors and Publishers

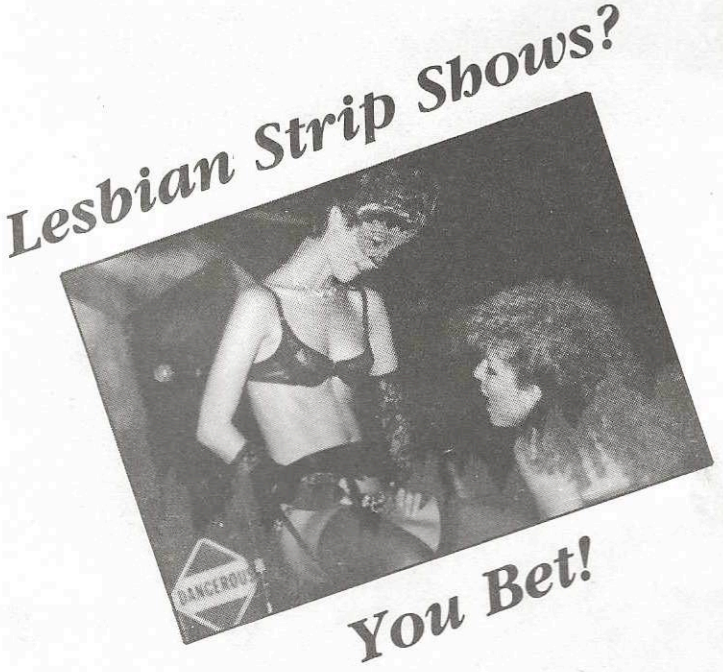
Lizzy Boredom flashes a sweet girl-next-door smile.

Celeste reclines in a haughty, get-me-if-you-dare pose.

To the music of Nasty Girl, Lady T seduces her audience with truly naughty behavior.

To raise money for ***On Our Backs*** we sponsored two erotic dance shows in San Francisco. Our most recent show, **Spring Erotic Revue**, was held at the spacious Latino nightclub, Cesar's Palace. Five dancers peeled off for an enthusiastic, women-only audience. Shy at first, the audience soon left their tables for a chance to place their offerings oh-so-slowly upon the dancers' bodies. **Miki Petrillo**, our chivalrous MC, hosted the hour and a half show, and afterwards the tables were cleared for dancing to the sleazy music of **DJ Gayle Rubin**.

Our first show, **Puttin' on the Ritz**, was held at the lesbian bar Baybrick's, and the sell-out crowd prompted the management to consider running twice-monthly, Wednesday night shows on a regular basis. If you live near San Francisco or are planning a visit and want to see the show, call Baybrick's for dates and times.



Our butch MC, Miki Petrillo, had her hands full protecting her honor from an aggressive femme fatale.

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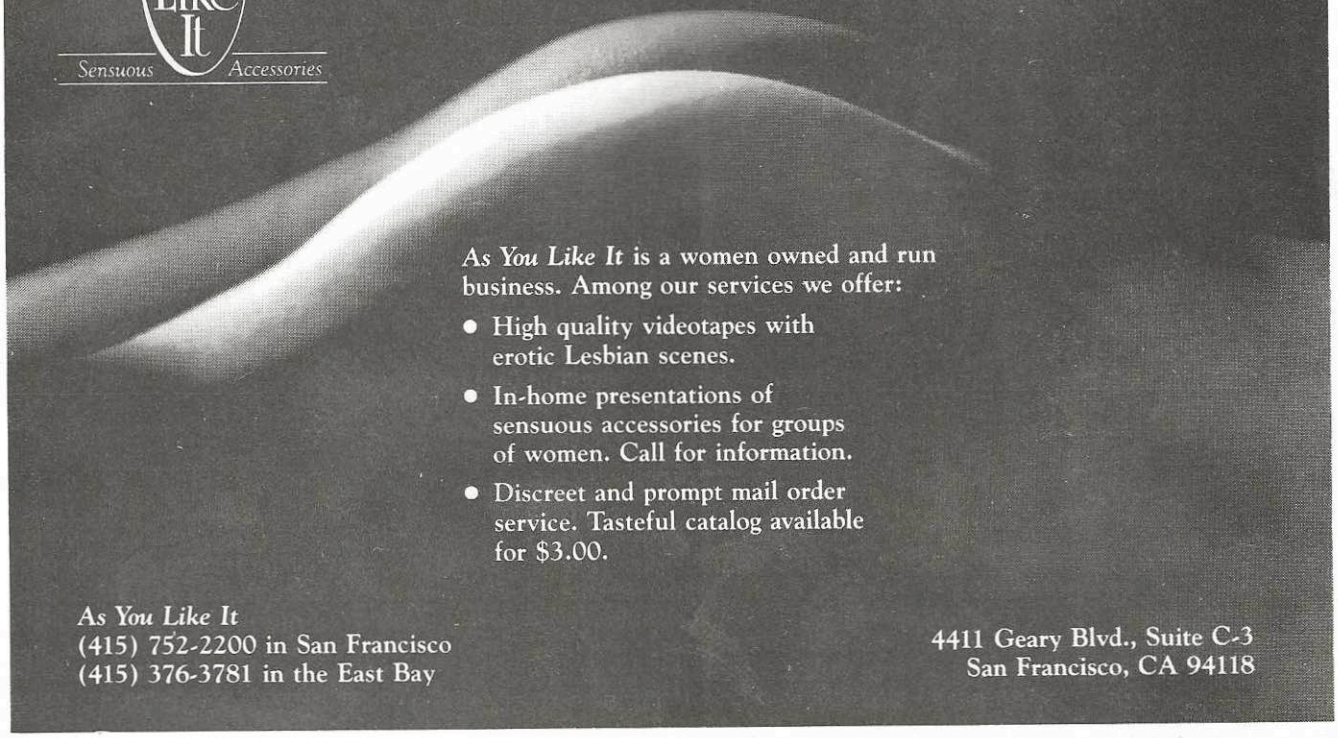

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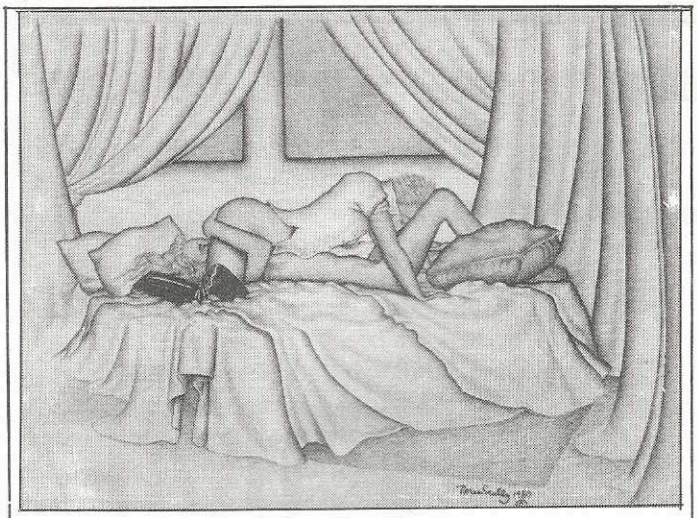

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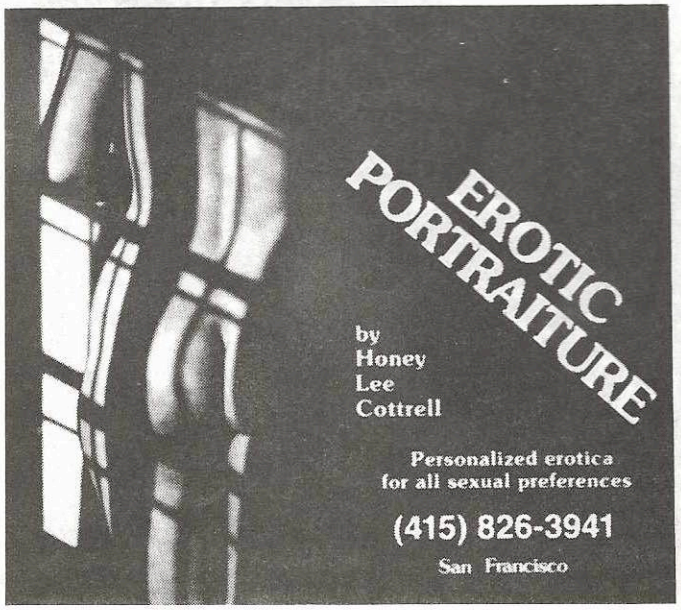

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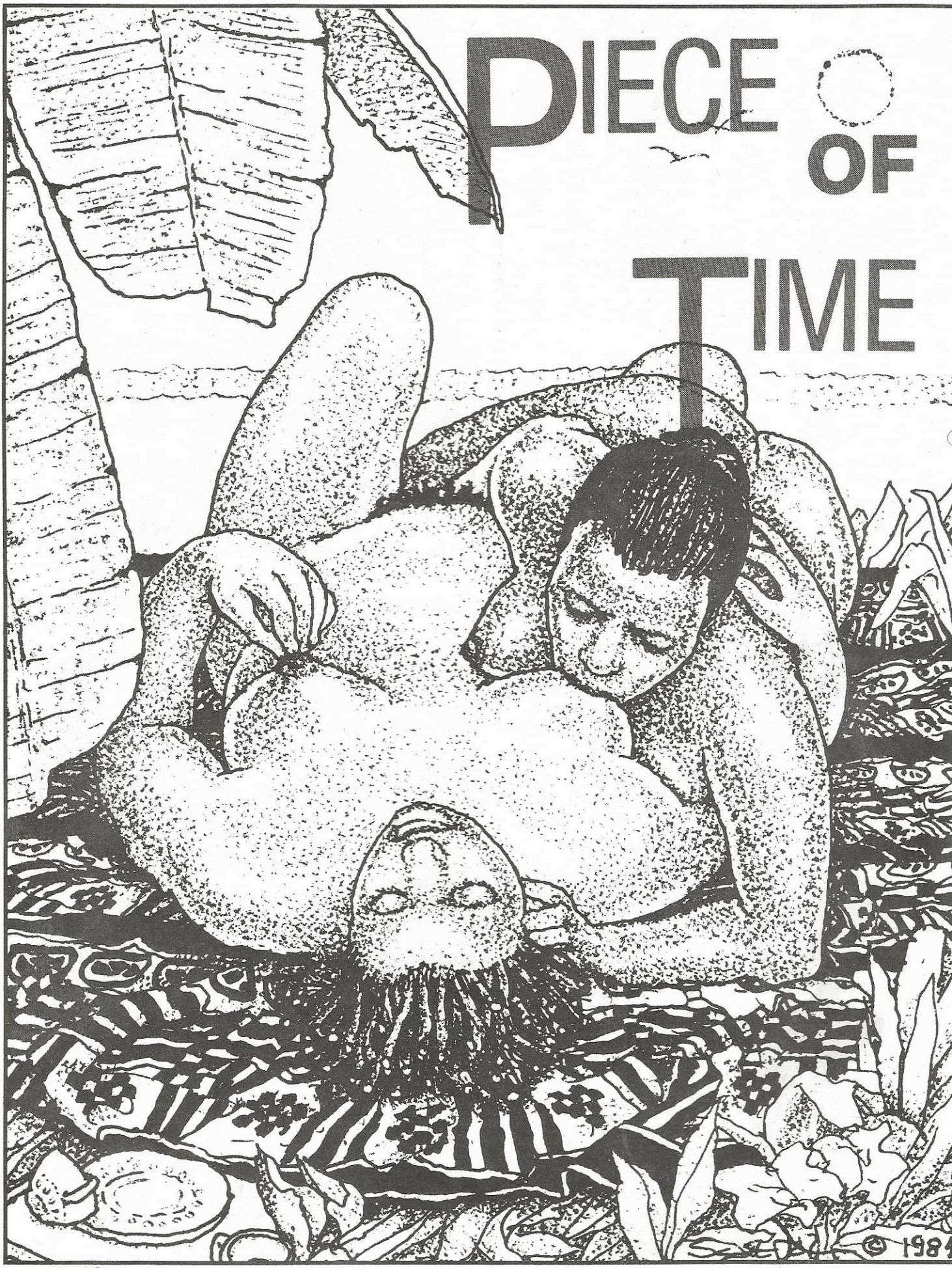


Sarita Johnson

BY JEWELLE GOMEZ

Ella kneeled down to reach behind the toilet. Her pink cotton skirt pulled tight around her brown thighs. Her skin already glistened with sweat from the morning sun and her labor. She moved quickly thru the hotel rooms sanitizing tropical mildew and banishing sand.

Each morning our eyes met in the mirror just as she wiped down the tiles and I raised my arms in a last wake-up stretch. I always imagined that her gaze flickered over my body; enjoying my broad, brown shoulders or catching a glance of my plum brown nipples as the African cloth I wrapped myself in dropped away to the floor. For a moment I imagined the pristine hardness of the bathroom tiles at my back and her damp skin pressed against mine.

"Ok, it's finished here." Ella said as she folded the cleaning rag and hung it under the sink. She turned around and as always, seemed surprised that I was still watching her. Her eyes were light brown and didn't quite hide their smile, her hair was dark and pulled back, tied in a ribbon. It hung lightly on her neck the way that straightened hair does. My own was in short tight braids that brushed my shoulders; a colored bead at the end of each. It was a trendy affectation I'd indulged in for my vacation. I smiled. She smiled back. On a trip filled with so much music, laughter and smiles, hers was the one that my eyes looked for each morning. She gathered the towels from the floor and in the same motion opened the hotel room door.

"Goodbye."

"See ya." I said feeling about 12 years old instead of thirty. She shut the door softly behind her and I listened to the clicking of her silver bangle bracelets as she walked around the verandah toward the stairs. My room was the last one on the second level facing the beach. Her bangles brushed the painted wood railing as she went down then thru the tiny courtyard and into the front office.

I dropped my cloth to the floor and stepped into my bathing suit. I planned to swim for hours and lie in the sun reading and sip margueritas until I could do nothing but sleep and maybe dream of Ella.

One day turned into another. Each was closer to my return to work and the city. I did not miss the city nor did I dread returning. But here, it was as if time did not move. I could prolong any pleasure until I had my fill. The luxury of it was something from a fantasy in my childhood. The island was a tiny neighborhood gone to sea. The music of the language, the fresh smells and deep colors all enveloped me. I clung to the bosom of this place. All else disappeared.

In the morning, too early for her to begin work in the rooms, Ella passed below in the courtyard carrying a bag of laundry. She deposited the bundle in a bin, then returned. I called down to her, my voice whispering in the cool, private morning air. She looked up and I raised my cup of tea in invitation. As she turned in from the beach end of the courtyard I prepared another cup.

We stood together at the door, she more out than in. We talked about the fishing and the rain storm of two days ago and how we'd spent Christmas.

Soon she said, "I better be getting to my rooms."

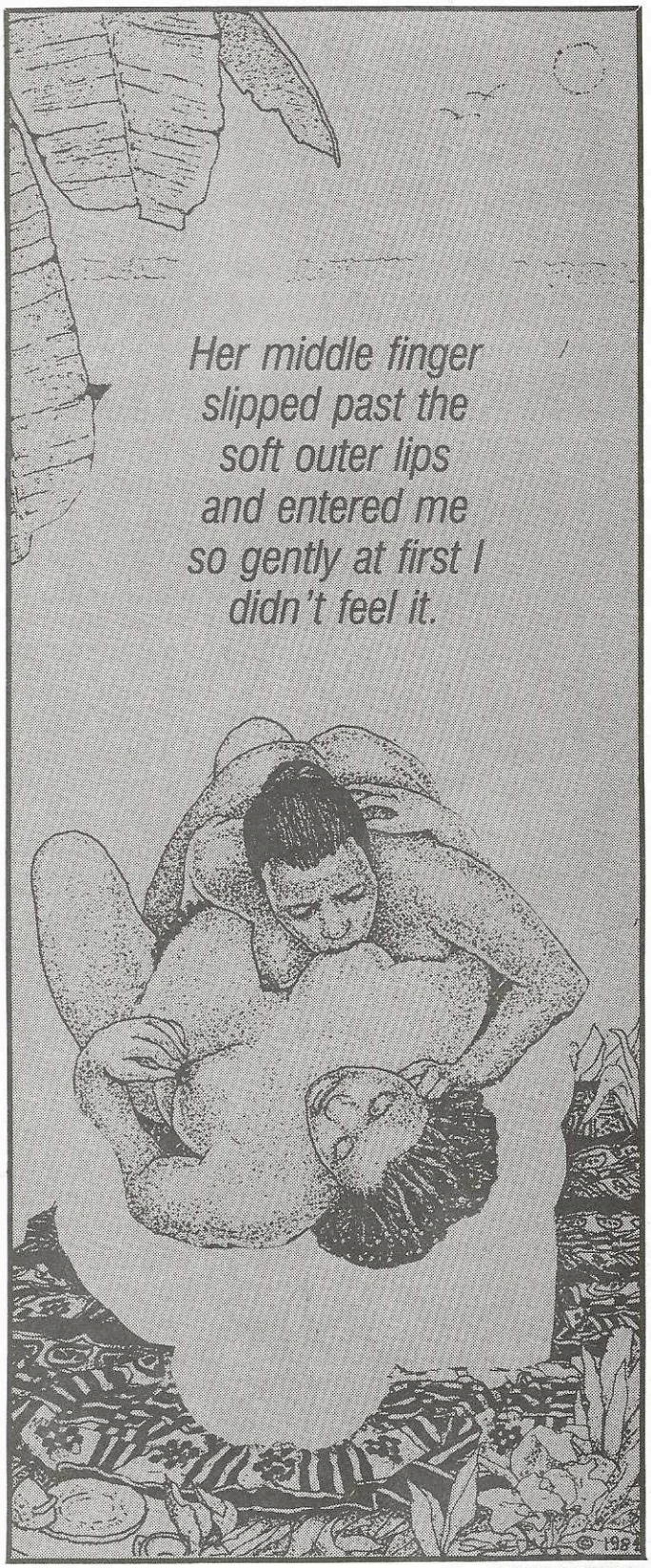
"I'm going to swim this morning," I said.

"Then I'll be coming in, now, alright?"

"I'll do the linen," she said, and began to strip the bed. I went into the bathroom and turned on the shower.

When I stepped out the bed was fresh and the covers snapped firmly around the corners. The sand was swept from the floor tiles back outside and our tea cups put away.

continued page 42



Silvery Early Morning Light

We've been making love in the silvery early morning light. Resting now she brings me coffee in bed. Cozy and warm, my fingers smell of sex each time I raise my cup. I pick up *What Lesbians Do*, begin to read aloud to her from it, a morning ritual of two, sometimes three poems. Today I read from Marilyn Gayle's long piece called *Between Turns* which starts out:

"Write about how I come," I urged her,
because I love to read about myself
look at pictures of myself
reap attention of any kind
and because I had come three times
just previously
colossally.

She rests her cheek against my thigh, her flesh opalescent. I ask her if she's thought about writing sexual stories, editing the journals she's been keeping since the age of 16. She answers that she's considered it. Is waiting until the time seems right.

I return to reading M. Gayle who weaves the details of sex, daily living, psychic and emotional awareness into the fabric of her poem:

We've gone so far
as to move to separate houses
because I went beserk, what can I say?
and gave her a black eye for crowding me
or because I hadn't crowded her enough.
I hit her for my jealousy and hers.
Because of all the times she took her leave
of me and kept me near. Because
when she puts her face between my legs
she gets too close to me, time and again, and
crowded by her power over me
during each grudging surrender
I doubt my own motives
for putting myself through
these forbidden devastating bolts of pleasure.

Christine asks me to read more slowly, sometimes has me repeat a section of a line. I feel lightheaded with her presence, my own feelings of wellbeing. "...forbidden devastating bolts of pleasure" particularly excites me and I read it through several times, accenting it differently, spreading it out, rolling it. Return to *Between Turns:*

I keep longing to start fresh, with
somebody new, with no accumulated grudges.
Other times I think my guilt and grudges
go with me no matter who I'm with.
Some women only beat around the bush, but she
has gotten close enough to make me fly up.
Or with her i let me fly
and she scares me when she makes me
show myself.

I think about long and short relationships, about keeping the emotional circuits clean versus hanging onto all the big and little hurts, about a friend of mine who often comments "shit fertilizes". In a brief relationship I don't try to explain very much enjoy the moments and leave the differences alone. When living with someone I seek out understanding, sometimes losing the larger patterns in my nearsighted attempt to reach consensus.

We've been discussing s&m lately, my distrust of the aspect of nastiness and humiliation that sometimes/often seems to accompany writings about it. I talk about the way restraint, biting and scratching are treated in the Kama Sutra, one of my early erotic texts. She is interested in my ideas but plays devil's advocate, drawing me out. I tell her about reading *Story of O* when it first came out. How I'd never read anything like it before and found it wildly exciting. I would come home form work, strip and masturbate while reading it in the hot summer evenings. Years later in a discussion group, a woman talked about how flagellation scenes had always turned her on. I had felt surprised at the time, realized I'd always skipped those, preferring the moments of public display and the quality of possession by another. Christine says that the religious substructure turned her on the most.

The following morning she brings some old journals into the bedroom and reads me notations she made in the early seventies about *Story of O*. As I listen to her I think it sounds like a totally different book from the one I remember. We laugh. I say perhaps that accounts for its continued popularity: the different levels it works on, the multiplicity of stories, the fact that it is a story within a story, the fantasy of a woman writing an erotic fantasy to turn her lover on.

Masako

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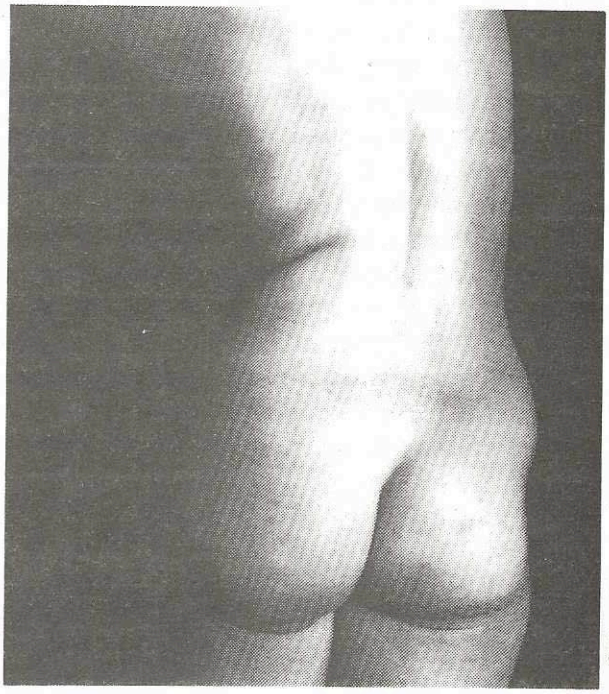

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"Could you please send us some VERY discreet information about dildoes?"

TOYS FOR US

Susie Bright

Gallup Polls have never found it fit to ask what sex toys are most popular among lesbians. Neither has *Consumer Reports*. However, with the debut of *On Our Backs* and this particular column, fascinating statistics and well-informed exaggerations can now be available at every dyke's fingertips.

For some lucky girls, improvised sex toys were an integral part of their childhood sexuality. Doctor's exams were only the tip of the iceberg. Remember little Felice who happily saddled her mother's vibrating washing machine every time a full load was put in? Or how about Michele, who stuffed a patent leather high-heeled shoe into her drawers and traipsed around the house until she was delirious. For children of the 60's like myself, stories of electric toothbrushes were common to the point of mundane.

Yet, even with these promising introductions to the world of sex aids, most young women abandoned what they thought were babyish dolls and dildos as they approached puberty; or even worse, abandoned masturbation altogether.

For those who sealed their Pandora's playbox, or who never opened it to begin with, now is the time to redeem yourself. Yes, I know the protest that's on the tip of your tired lips, "But, I don't NEED a vibrator!"

Of course you don't. You don't NEED to have fun. You don't NEED to have incredible sensations and adventures. A little water and 17-grain bread will probably get you along in life just fine.

Rather than be concerned with the more obvious NEEDS in one's life, I propose to concern ourselves with our wants, dreams, impulses, and most particularly, *desires*. A vibrator is a desirable experience. So is a dildo. So is a skimpy little outfit, a maribou feather, fragrant warm oils and a butt plug on the side. With a little bit of consumer information and a healthy craving to please herself, every lesbian now has the opportunity to explore the world of sexual playthings.

Basic Household Appliances

Plug-in vibrators are clearly favored over battery models for the following reasons: a) they last for years; b) they give a strong, smooth, consistant vibration, and c) they are made by well-known companies that have a certain amount of accountablility to their customers. Battery-operated vibrators offer certain styles and sensations that can be a lot of fun; but you will never forgive the little sucker when it conks out at the crucial moment. In general, battery models last months, not years, and their power is much weaker than the electric vibrators. Of course, there are a few noteworthy exceptions, which will be elaborated on in future columns. The point now is, to open the treasure chest and TRY SOMETHING.

Foreign Objects

A dildo can be a succulent squash, or a tender mold of silicon. Technically, it is any device you can use for the pleasure of vaginal or anal penetration. It should be easy to clean, a non-irritating material, and hopefully something that will warm to your skin as you use it. I once had a terrible ordeal with a carrot right out of the refrigerator. Anyway, once you settle down with your preferred model, you will find that while lacking the dexterity of your fingers, dildos are tireless little helpers that can greatly enhance the variety of penetration you enjoy and might even add a whole new caseload to your fantasy life.

Really, the facts about dildos aren't nearly as controversial as their famous resemblance to the infamous "penis" and ALL THAT IT REPRESENTS. The political, social and emotional connotations of dildos have many unhappy lesbians in a stranglehold. I once received a most anguished letter from a dyke couple in Palo Alto who said that their sex life was satisfying except for one tiny matter. "We seem to be suffering with some hangover from our heterosexual past that makes us both want sensation in our vaginas apart from direct clitoral stimulation. As much as I try to put it out of my mind, this keeps coming up between us. Could you please send us some VERY discreet information about dildos?"

Ladies, the discreet, complete and definitive information on dildos is this: penetration is as heterosexual as kissing! Now that truth can be known! Fucking knows no gender. Not only that, but penises can only be compared to dildos in the sense that they take up space. Aside from difference in shape and feel, the most glaring contrast is that the dildo is at your service; it knows no desire other than your own or your partner's. Too many lesbians try on the dildo and harness in the Good Vibration's dressing room and expect the device to just take off with a life of its own. That might be exciting for a couple of sessions, but the truth is that it is much more satisfying to take the time, trial and pleasant error to find out how to maneuver your own dildo for optimal pleasure. Pretty soon you'll find yourself with a whole darling collection of dongs, and will be reduced to giving them pet names: "Where is Henri?" "Has Boom-Boom been cleaned yet" "And how could you lend out Amelia?"

TOYS FOR US will be happy to accept queries, problems and comments from our readers. Please address your letters to *On Our Backs*, PO Box 421916, San Francisco, CA 94142, and enclose a SASE for personal reply. Happy Buzzing!!

Susie Bright *is the manager of Good Vibrations, a vibrator/sex toy store in San Francisco oriented especially towards women.*

WHEN I FELL FOR DORIS, IT WAS... LIKE FLOATING IN HEAVEN! LITTLE DID I KNOW... IT WOULD SOON BECOME...

HELL ON WHEELS

MARY LOU! ARE YOU GOING WITH DORIS TONIGHT?! OUR FINAL'S TOMORROW!

HOME ECONOMICS

OH, I CAN STUDY FOR THAT ANY TIME... 'BYE, SHIRLEY!

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I FIRST MET DORIS IN A LITTLE OFF-CAMPUS COFFEE HOUSE...

THE TIMES, THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'

HI, SWEETIE! HAVING A GOOD TIME?

OH... ER... YES, THANKS!

SHIRLEY WAS UPSET WITH ME FOR SPEAKING...

REALLY, MARY LOU, YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF PERSON SHE IS...

MM?

BUT THEN CAME... TROUBLE!

THE MANAGER APPROACHED!

UH... I'M VERY SORRY... UH... MISS... BUT WE DON'T ALLOW ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES... YOU'LL HAVE TO... LEAVE (GULP)!

OH, YEAH?

ACME

I HAD TO THINK FAST!

OH! WAIT!! YOO-HOO!!
MARY LOU!
I... I WONDER IF YOU COULD GIVE ME... A RIDE?!
AND THEN...
SWEETIE! COULD I GIVE YOU A RIDE!...
...THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WERE A TRUE DREAM!
OH, DORIS! YOU'RE SO... GENTLE!
...I FLUNKED MY PSYCH FINAL AND MOVED IN WITH DORIS. POOR SHIRLEY WAS SO UPSET!
'BYE, SHIRLEY... I'LL CALL YOU...
DORIS HAD LOTS OF FRIENDS, THOUGH...
GALS, MEET MY LITTLE FRIEND MARY LOU. SAY HI, SWEETIE!
HM. CUTE.
HI!
MY LETTERS TO MY PARENTS WERE RATHER STRANGE...
and so I moved here. Doris is a very different sort of person. What I mean is that she likes different things. But not really. I mean, you shouldn't think she's weird or anything, because she's not. Anyway, everything's OK. I don't see any reason for you to come visit. Not that you were going to, but just in case you were thinking of it. see me later
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BUT WE HAD FUN PARTIES...
MMM! AAAH! WOW!
OOOH!
HEY!
HEH HEH!
CLIKACLIKA CLIKACLIKA
... AND WENT TO NEAT PLACES!
BOOGIE! BOOGIE DOWN, BAY-BEE!
HELLO... LIKE TO DANCE?
...OH... SORRY, DORIS...
BUZZ OFF, SISTER!
AND THEN ... ...IT HAPPENED!
COME ON IN, SWEETIE! HEY, MARY LOU! ARE YOU HOME?
How's ABOUT FIXIN' US A SNACK?
H...How COULD THIS ...BE?!
WELL, GEE, UH... I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN ... YA KNOW?
SOB! SOB! SNIFF!
I MEAN ... MANY A TEAR HAS TO FALL... YA KNOW?
SOB! SNIFF!
©1983 BY TRIX • MINE, ALL MINE •

WHO IS IT?
KNOCK KNOCK
SOB, SNURF, SNIFFLE!
MARY LOU!
OH, SHIRLEY... WHIMPER, SOB! IT'S... OVER!
SHIRLEY TOOK ME BACK. I KNEW I COULD NEVER BE THE SAME...
OH, GOD! IT WAS OUR SONG! SOBSOBSOBSOB...
"... THE LEADER OF THE PACK!" VROOM VROOM
SHIRLEY WAS SO KIND... AND SHE HAD GONE THROUGH SOME CHANGES HERSELF...
YES, MARY LOU, UNTIL YOU LEFT I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW MUCH OUR FRIENDSHIP MEANT TO ME...
BUT NOW THAT I KNOW... IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!
OH, SHIRLEY!
AND SO... THANKS TO THE DEVOTION OF A TRUE FRIEND... I'VE FOUND HEAVEN ON WHEELS ONCE MORE!
RRRRRR
THE END
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WHAT HAPPENS ONE TIME

BY JUDITH STEIN

Let me tell you what happens, sometime when you come over to my house. I am home, waiting for you, eager to see you and talk to you, and very very eager to touch you. I am waiting for you, eager to see you and talk to you, and very very eager to touch you. I am waiting for you, lying on my bed, wearing a pair of blue jeans with no underwear, and an old plaid flannel shirt unbottoned half way down the front. The seam at the crotch of my blue jeans is pushing into my cunt a little bit, making me more eager and hotter, and just a little bit wetter. Lying on my back, I cannot see over my belly to see my cunt, but a throbbing wetness lets me know that it's ready.

I hear your steps on my porch, and then coming into the house and up the stairs. I get up off the bed, pull my jeans out of my cunt, and give myself a little rub in anticipation. I make sure that my shirt is pulled down so you can see all of my neck and chest. My full breasts spill halfway out of my open shirt; the nipples brush down low against my belly and hard against the softness of my shirt. I give my nipples a little pinch, and they stand up ready to press into you when I hug you hello.

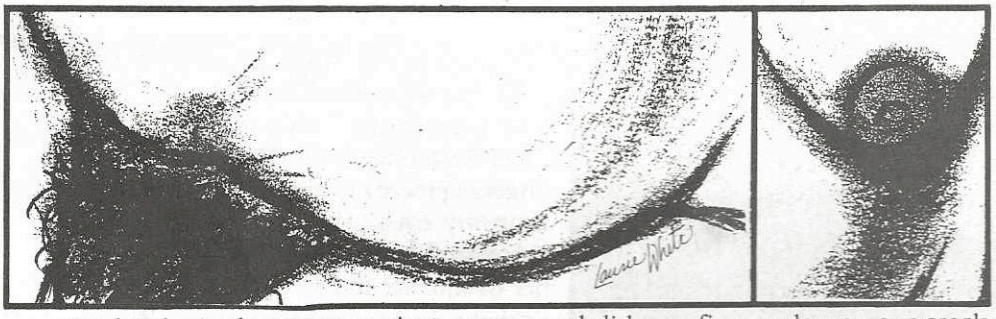
Laurie White

Laurie White

When you get to the door of my apartment, I am there waiting for you. I make you tell me who is at the door, event though I know damn well it is you, and that you are as hot and eager for me as I am for you. Once you come in, I go to give you a hug. You are still wearing your jeans jacket, so I slide my hands underneath to go around your waist. I press you hard, pushing my cunt towards your cunt. They cannot touch, but the heat from our cunts passes between us. I slide my hands lower, and cup the twin mountains of your ass into my palms. While we are hugging, pressing each other really close together, I reach for your face with my mouth and begin to kiss you.

Our lips meet and press together, our tongues are inside each other's mouths, and we are pressing together all down our bodies. I kiss you harder and harder, and both of us are beginning to breathe very hard. I slide my lips and tongues across your cheek, and begin to nibble on your ear. I put my tongue into your ear, and rub around all the edges. Then I take your ear into my mouth, and hold it gently between my teeth while I push my tongue in and around your ear. By now you are breathing very very heavy, and holding onto me to keep your balance. I move from your ear to your neck where I take a few nips at the tender skin between your neck and your shoulder. You begin to moan softly.

We are still standing in my little hallway, pressed together really tight.



My hard nipples press against your breasts, but you cannot feel them through your overalls. I slip off your jacket, and press against you, until your back is against the door. Now that your jacket is off, it is easier for me to touch your skin in many places on your body. I put my arms around you next, both hands go into your overalls, beneath your shirt. I delight in the rolls of flesh that I grab at your waist.

One hands keeps hodling you in the small of your back, while I take my other hand and press down on your ass, rubbing you and pinching you a little. You have your hands inside my shirt, and you are rubbing my breasts, and pinching my nipples and grabbing at my huge breasts while I squeeze your ass. I lean into you, smashing your hands immobile under my breasts, and kiss you deep and hard. I bite at your lower lip, your ear, and reach down to nip at your neck. You are making small moaning noises now, and I am breathing very heavy and making sounds deep within my throat.

With one hand on your ass, rubbing and pinching your cheeks, and reaching down along your crack, I take my other hand off your back and begin grabbing your breasts through all your clothes—great handfuls of your bit tits in my hand. Then when you are really wiggling with excitement, I go underneath your shirt, and begin to tease your nipples. First I touch one, then the other, but very gently, just to tease you. While I am doing this, I continue to pinch your ass, and rub it hard, and slide my fingers down your crack towards your asshole. Then I begin to pull on your nipples and they become very large and hard between my fingers. I pull on them and pinch them, first one then the other. My hand on your back has slid down your ass; I can feel the moist heat of your cunt. My fingers tease your ass towards your cunt while my other hand pinches and pulls your nipples. I am kissing you, pushing my tongue into your mouth, your ear, biting your lip, your neck your shoulder. You are moaning now, and wiggling hard against the door. Your face is flushed, your nipples hard and firm in my fingers as I pinch them again and again. You slide your hand off my breasts into my pants and reach for my cunt, but I close my legs and only let you feel my belly and the edges of my hot cunt wanting you.

Your knees begin to sag, you are holding onto me more and more. You manage to gasp, "I don't think I can stand up much longer..." "Hang in there..." I say, and begin to move my hands around your body. I bring my left hand off your ass, and stick it in front of your overalls, around your belly, over its fullness into your cunt. My right hand comes off of your firm hard nipples, and goes around your neck to support you upright. All this time I am kissing you and biting you and now I take my left thumb, part your full cunt lips with it and stick it into your hot wet cunt. Your knees buckle, but I push with it and stick it into your hot wet cunt. Your knees buckle, but I push up with my thumb and tell you "Stand up baby." I continue to push in and out with my thumb, harder and harder. You have taken both hands off my breasts and have both arms around me, trying not to fall down. I am biting your neck, & sucking your ear, and kissing your mouth with my tongue pushing deep inside of you, and all the time I am fucking you with my thumb. Our bodies are pressed together against my door, bellies close, hot fat flesh against hot fat flesh.

You overalls are still on, and the crotch of your pants gets caught up with my hand, so the heavy double seam is rubbing you on your clitoris and along your cunt. In the back, the material from your pants has gotten into the crack of your ass, and is pushing in and out as I push in and out of your cunt.

The juice from your cunt is flowing heavier and heavier now, my whole hand is wet from it. I hold my hand so that while my thumb pushes in and out of your pussy, my hand bone presses against your clit and moves up and down hard, up and down hard. You are writhing and moaning now, and hot and wet and juicy all over your body. I decide you will have to hold yourself

continued page 39

THE GIFT OF TAKING

I WALK INTO THE ROOM. SHE STANDS WITH her back to me, a large woman dressed for business. She turns to me: "I have been waiting." I need to know my arrival is important to her. She approaches me. "I will do what you want, I will do it better than you have ever had it done and you will give me everything there is in you to give. You will pour it out on my hands and I will hold you open under my hands." I love her for those words, for her knowledge of what I need and her caring enough to do it. We are alone in this room, having left outside all our accomplishments, all our other powers.

Here we will face each other, naked and yet dressed in ritual recognition. We will have the courage to bring to the surface the messages the body carries from older days; here all the daily camouflage of acceptable activity wil be dropped. My submission in this room with this woman is my source of strength, of wisdom. It informs all my abilities in the other world, but here I can give it time to breathe its own air, to break the surface and show its own face. There is a table in the room with sharp square edges. It looks uncomfortable, but I long for the feel of its edges against my back.

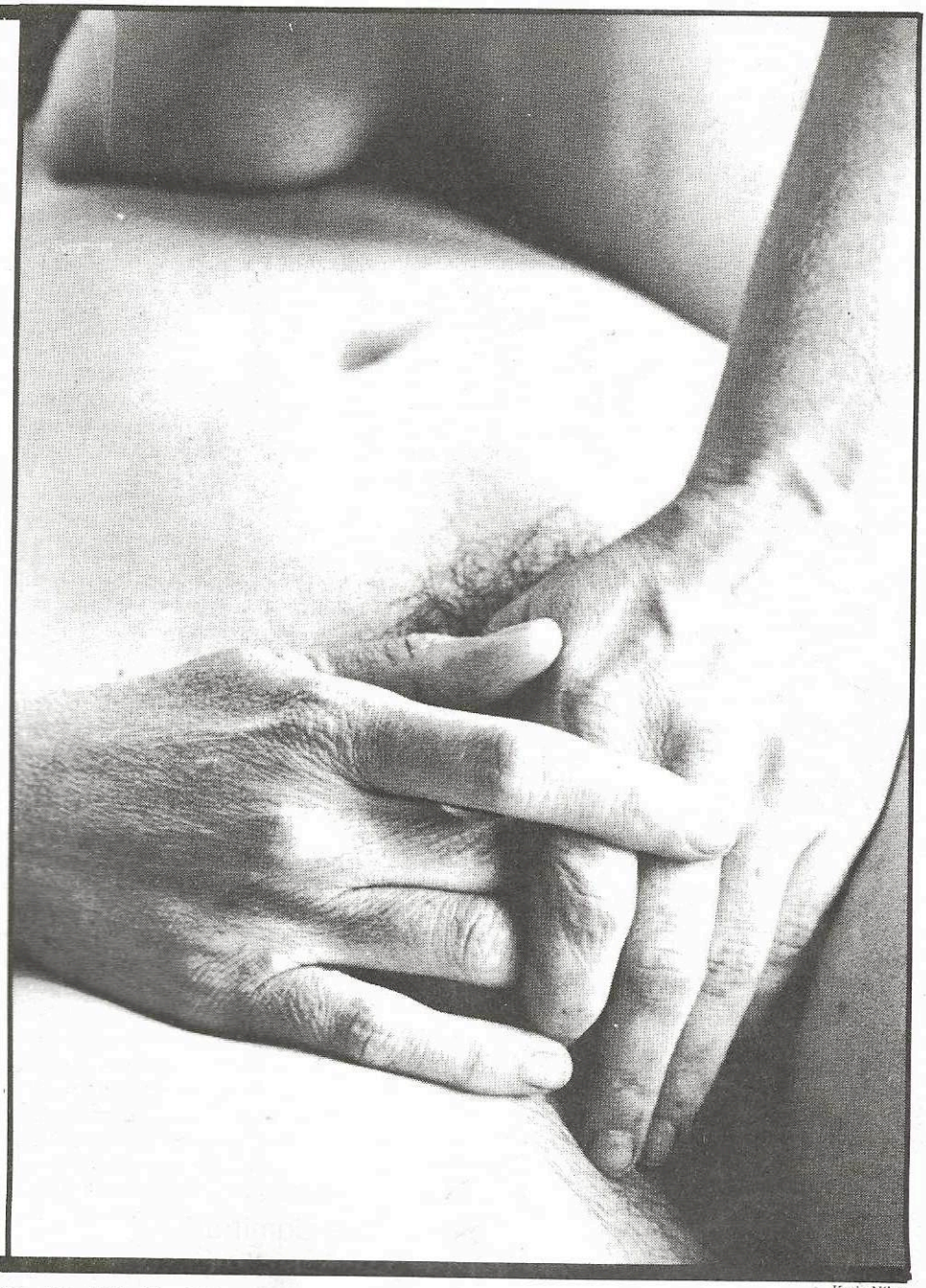
I am wearing a long dress that hides my body, my body that I have hated so long for not being lean, hard, hated it for its flesh, thighs without muscles, large buttocks that want penetration by this woman's hand, her erotic acceptance that will free me from the crime of being a big assed woman. I know this woman, my friend, will bring my body to light, will make me use it and hear it, will strain it to its fullest, and she will help me through her demands and her pleasure to forget self-hatred. Through her gift of taking, I will be given back to myself, a self that must live in this body and thus desperately needs reconciliation.

"Come here, Joan." I do, my eyes caught on hers, a blush spreading fire on my face. "You must be ready for me before I touch you. I want to feel your wetness waiting for me. You know that." I do. She kisses me hard, her hands gripping my arms. The force of her tongue pushes my head back. She stands back and just looks at me. Her hands stay on me and they will throughout our time together. My breasts have grown hard. She knows it.

She caresses my nipples through the dress, her eyes never leaving mine. "I want them harder." My body hears and I feel flesh change its own form. Her fingers squeeze my nipples and I do not drop my eyes. The pain is sweet: it destroys the years of numbness. I want her to squeeze harder. The message is exchanged in silence and her hands take fuller command of my breasts. After a few minutes, I put my hand over her to stop her giving. I can no longer hold my position. "Now we will see." She holds my head back as she slips her hand under my dress. I tremble, trying to hold my thighs together, knowing she will not allow me. She feels the wetness before she touches my underpants. My thighs have seeped their own waters. Her hand forces my legs further

apart and her fingers push aside the fabric. "That is good, Joan" she says as my weness bathes her fingers. She carves the material into a ribbon that she pushes between my cunt lips and glides her nail over the wet curve. "You are a powerful woman, aren't you? Women listen to your words and you do important work but here you are in my hands." Her hand spreads my lips apart. "Yes. Yes"

She moves me closer to the table. She is ready to assume her full power and I am ready to give it to her. She holds me, undoes my dress. It falls open and I feel the first shame of reveleation, the fear she will turn away from me, from this body. "Good," she says. I hold onto her and close my eyes. I will not open them again until we are finished but my hands will see her. I grip her shoulders, pulling her to me. She kisses me, deep, hard, forcing my mouth open. I take her tongue in, sucking on it, trying to hold it. She drops her head and sucks on my nipples, biting them. My nipples swell with fullness and she works harder. I know I will have marks to carry with me and I want them. I want to be reminded in the daily world of this breakthrough. The sweet soreness will burn through my heavy layers of work clothes and will remind me of this need and power; I will blush with pleasure in the subway or at a meeting as a change in my body's position forces me to remember the time of openness. Her hands are hard on me and I want them to be. I hear her breath



Katie Niles

BY JOAN NESTLE

coming quicker and my own moaning. Her hands knead my belly, pushing my breath in and out. My hips are moving. I want her all inside of me. She pulls me back. I open my eyes. I can smell my sex in the room. "Your body is bursting with want."

"I know." I can see it, hear it, smell it. My body is covered with a dark flush and I am moving with want. I want to scream out to her, "Now, please now take me now," but I can't, even in this dream. Perhaps next time I will be able to scream. I want to. I need to. For so many years I have not screamed, for so many years the world was not safe enough or there was no one there to hear it.

I close my eyes again as she moves towards me. She speaks to me, always calling to me, challenging me, forcing me to be there and the force of her tells me she is there, caring and fighting for me. Her lips move against my cheeks as she puts her hands on me. Her fingers tear away the fabric. She takes me into her hand, pushing, squeezing, opening. She slips one finger into me. I gasp at how she fills me with that one thrust when I have taken so much more and will again but still the first entry has all the joy, the surprise of her power. "Open Joan, open, take me in. Maybe you can't. Maybe I'm too much for you." I hold onto her tighter, open more, open to splitting to show her I can give a home to all she can give me. I can match her demanding with my giving, her hand with my insides. I speak to her through my muscles and my wetness. She moves in and out and I follow her. The table edge is cutting into my back as her weight pushes me over. She forces more fingers into me and I feel as if I could take her whole hand, her arm. My hungers grows as she pushes against me, always talking to me, telling me she is there and wanting me.

I take her all in, throwing my whole body against her, repeating in a small deep voice, "Yes, I can do it, I can do

continued page 41

EROTIC POWER PLAY*

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"A Cup of Tea is Preferable to Any Sexual Encounter"

A number of lesbian/feminists in a newly-formed anti-pervert group, C.W.A.P.I. (Concerned Women Against Perverted Individuals) held a picket yesterday outside the offices of a lesbian/feminist S/M support group, to protest at alleged "discrediting of the feminist movement in the eyes of society," and to draw attention to the attempt by S/M lesbians "to assert a different analysis of women's sexuality, thus causing long-established and long-accepted theories to be questioned," which it was stressed, C.W.A.P.I. members were not prepared to do.

C.W.A.P.I. squad members have adopted the familiar slogan, 'HEALTHY MINDS IN HEALTHY BODIES' and advance the idea that a cup of tea is preferable to any sexual encounter. Picket signs reading 'DOWN WITH LEATHER' (whereupon one woman entering the building made suggestions that she would be willing to oblige) could be seen, along with accepted traditional signs, such as 'AN ICE COLD DIP A DAY, KEEPS SEXUAL THOUGHTS AT BAY' and 'KEEP MINORITIES SMALL' were in evidence. However, a rather sinister element could be seen yesterday, in a set of newly made signs, showing a definite direction C.W.A.P.I. were aiming to go in. One such controversial sign read, 'WHAT RIGHT TO DEFINE YOUR OWN SEXUALITY?—BACK IN YOUR CLOSETS'. A sudden bout of confusion ensued when it was discovered that bogus signs had been mixed in with their own signs, which read, 'IF YOU FEEL HORNI—RING FOR LORNI' and 'CUNNILINGUS SPOKEN HERE'. They were quickly broken and ceremoniously burned. Others in support of their sign-carrying sisters wore t-shirts defiantly emblazoned with slogans like 'MASTURBATION FREE ZONE' and "YOU DON'T NEED A HEADACHE TO REFUSE'.

C.W.A.P.I. co-founder Doormouth Leedheed stated at the picket that the group demanded acknowledgement "that some women had been much more severely corrupted than others by patriarchal modes of thought." In addition their group wanted to bring to the attention of the media the fact that "CWAPI members and the morally upstanding element of the feminist movement feel that in the long run, the repression of perverted women within the movement can only be a healthy move." When our reporter questioned her by suggesting that society at large considered all lesbians to be perverted whatever their persuasion, Leedheed stated, "That point is a grey area, but nevertheless we intend to show society that we are normal in every way—except for being queer."

Andrix Workin, another member of C.W.A.P.I., is rumored to be in the more radical side of the group, SAS (Superior Angry Sisters). This section of the group is supposedly striving for immediate action, and calling for involuntary euthanasia for any totally perverted woman who is unwilling to repent. Workin stated that C.W.A.P.I. wanted to promote "a healthy atmosphere in which only the gentlest lovemaking would be tolerated; and that any woman found to like lesbians in leather, have fantasies and enjoy them, or a longing for rough sex or group sex, would be taken to the nearest women's center, forced to dance to ballet music and be placed in jumble-scale smocks and co-op-made shoes." When it was put to her that this might be going too far, she remarked "I know when to stop."

When questionned that C.W.A.P.I.'s monthly newsletter had actually printed names and addresses of women involved in S/M and that perhaps this was inviting the authorities to keep files on them, or indeed endangering to their lives, Leedheed dismissed it as "hysteria" adding, "It is time for us to stop being modest and proclaim

"Masturbation-Free Zone"

our lifestyles as the true and only valid form of feminist daily experience."

C.W.A.P.I. are very well known for their pamphlet, published last year. *'WHAT COLOR IS YOUR WYNCEYETTE?'* which comes complete with a wincy colour code card (ie, buttons front-right side: likes to read in bed, preferably fast-moving and exciting books, like 'The A-Z Discovery of the Micro Chip') and also has a list of shops where winceyettes can be purchased at a reasonable price. They are also well known for their above-ground public demonstrations on how to ward off potential lovers (the famous 'Flash of long johns' scene) and how to identify a 'come on' phrase to repeal it swiftly.

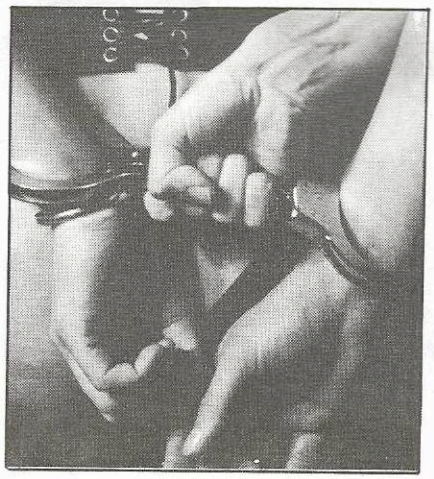
Reactions to C.W.A.P.I. in the feminist community have been mixed. Many women are reluctant to question their tactics and assumptions for fear of being labeled perverts themselves. Some have dashed to the nearest nightie counter; others want Lorni's phone number. Who is right? And who will be left, at the end?

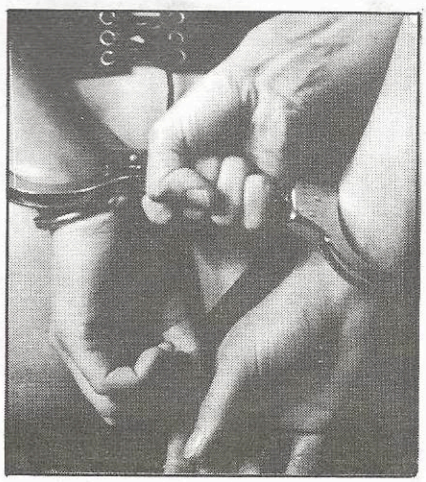
Gladys Fewkes Knightly

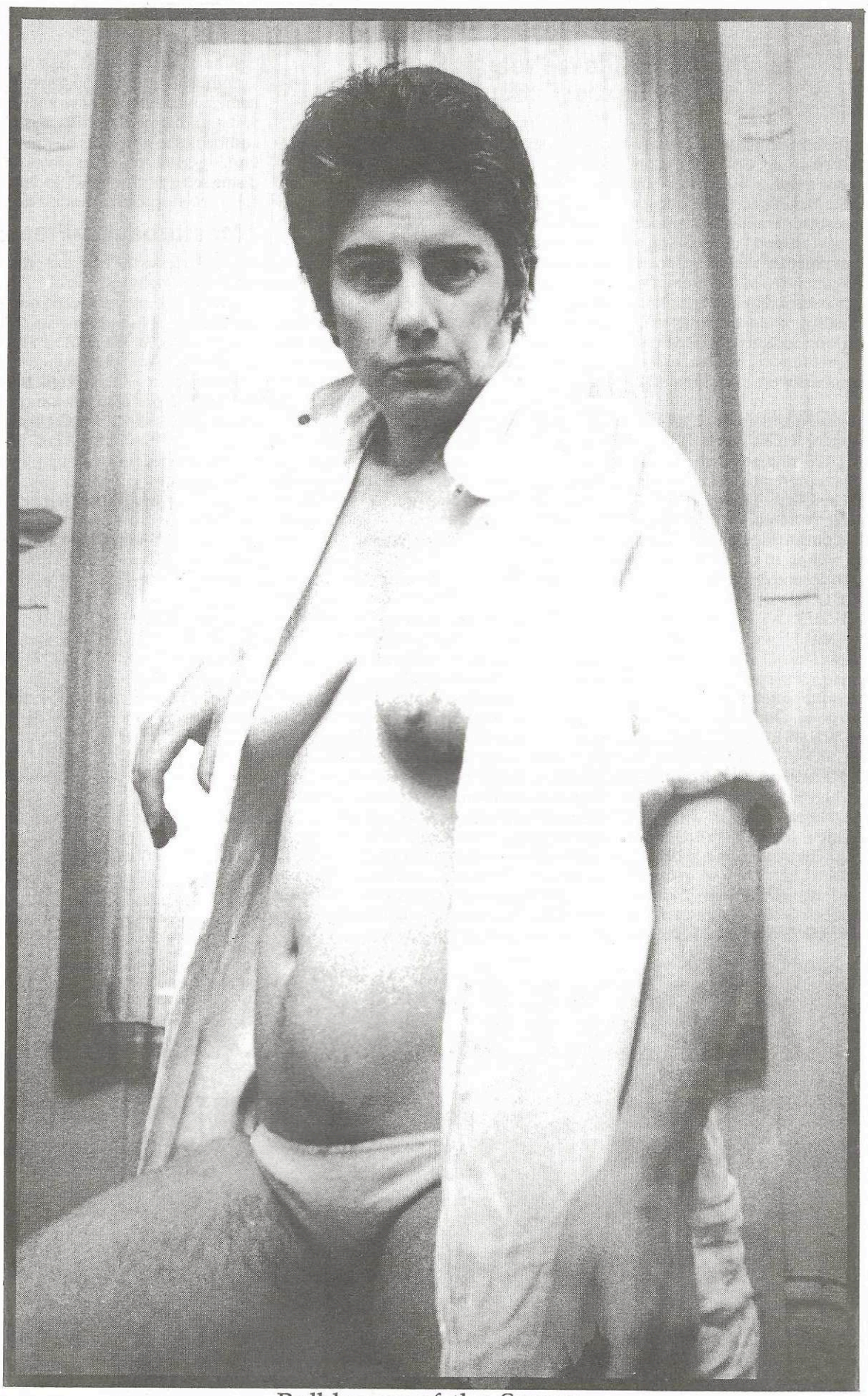
What do you get if you cross a S/M lesbian with a snail?
A slimy pervert with no housing problems.

Editor's note: Wincey, a durable wool cloth with a linen warp and a wool weft. (Oxford English Dictionary Supplement. With thanks to the S.F. Public Library.)

APRIL 1 1984

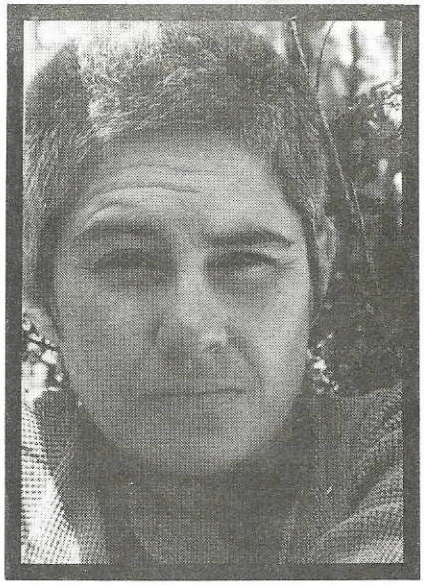






Bulldagger of the Season
Summer 1984

DAGGER DATA SHEET



NAME: HONEY LEE COTTRELL

BUST: 36" WAIST: 29" HIPS: 39"

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 135

BIRTHDATE: 1-16-46

BIRTHPLACE: JACKSON, MICHIGAN

AMBITIONS: PRINT MY COLOR NEGATIVES 16X20, MAKE PORN FILMS, LIVE IN ANOTHER COUNTRY FOR 15 YEARS

TURN-ONS: MY WOODEN DILDOE, THE WAY MY GIRLFRIEND GIVES IT UP, MY POCKET PEPPER MILL, MOTORCYCLES, TATOOS

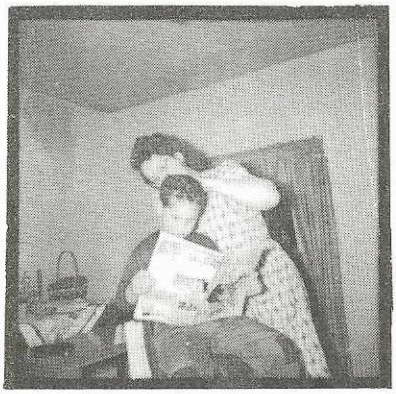
TURN-OFFS: ANDREA DWORKIN'S HAIR, ORAL SEX, THE REFRIGERATOR WITH ROTTEN FOOD IN IT

FAVORITE MOVIES: ANYTHING WITH LIZ TAYLOR," HEART LIKE A WHEEL"

IDEAL WOMAN: TALL, SMART, TALKATIVE, PRETTY

FAVORITE PLACE: AT HOME IN THE AFTERNOON

SECRET FANTASY: THE BACK SEAT OF A ROLLS ROYCE ON FUR-LINED SEATS AFTER A PICNIC



FIRST PERM, 6 YRS. OLD

POST-PERM, 1952

1972 HIPPY, I'm 26

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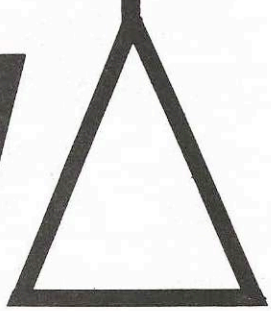

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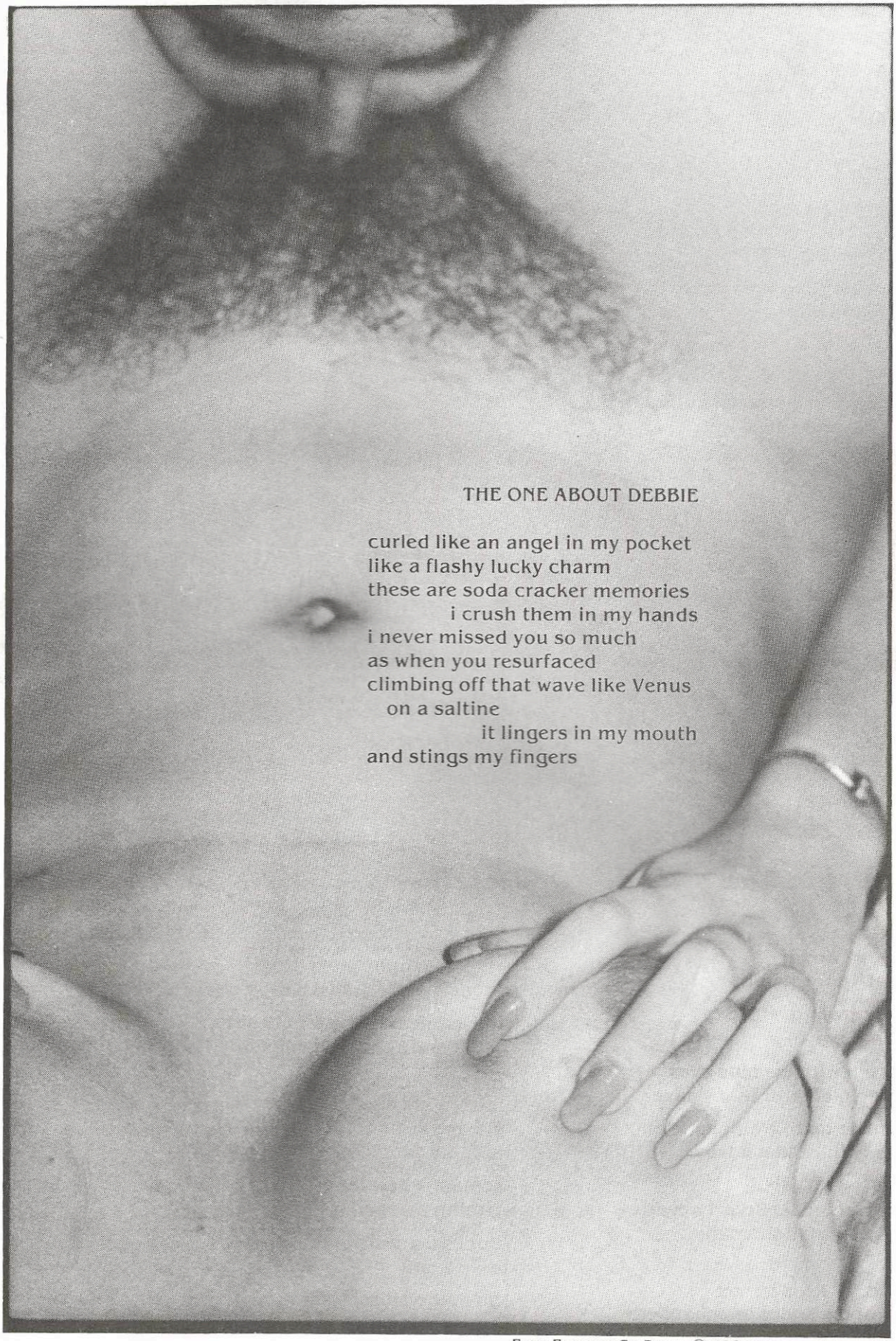


THE ONE ABOUT DEBBIE

curled like an angel in my pocket
like a flashy lucky charm
these are soda cracker memories
i crush them in my hands
i never missed you so much
as when you resurfaced
climbing off that wave like Venus
on a saltine
it lingers in my mouth
and stings my fingers

Even Femmes Go Down © 1983 Morgan Grenwald

POEM IN TWO PARTS

Madrona Berries

Gorgeous Lover

The words ring so true,
my luscious vanilla skinned woman...

I'm your Big Brassy Butch

You think you're selfish,
but I could fuck you forever and
it wouldn't be too much

It is my pleasure to womanize
your flesh and bone

You are music to my ears when your
baby lips coo

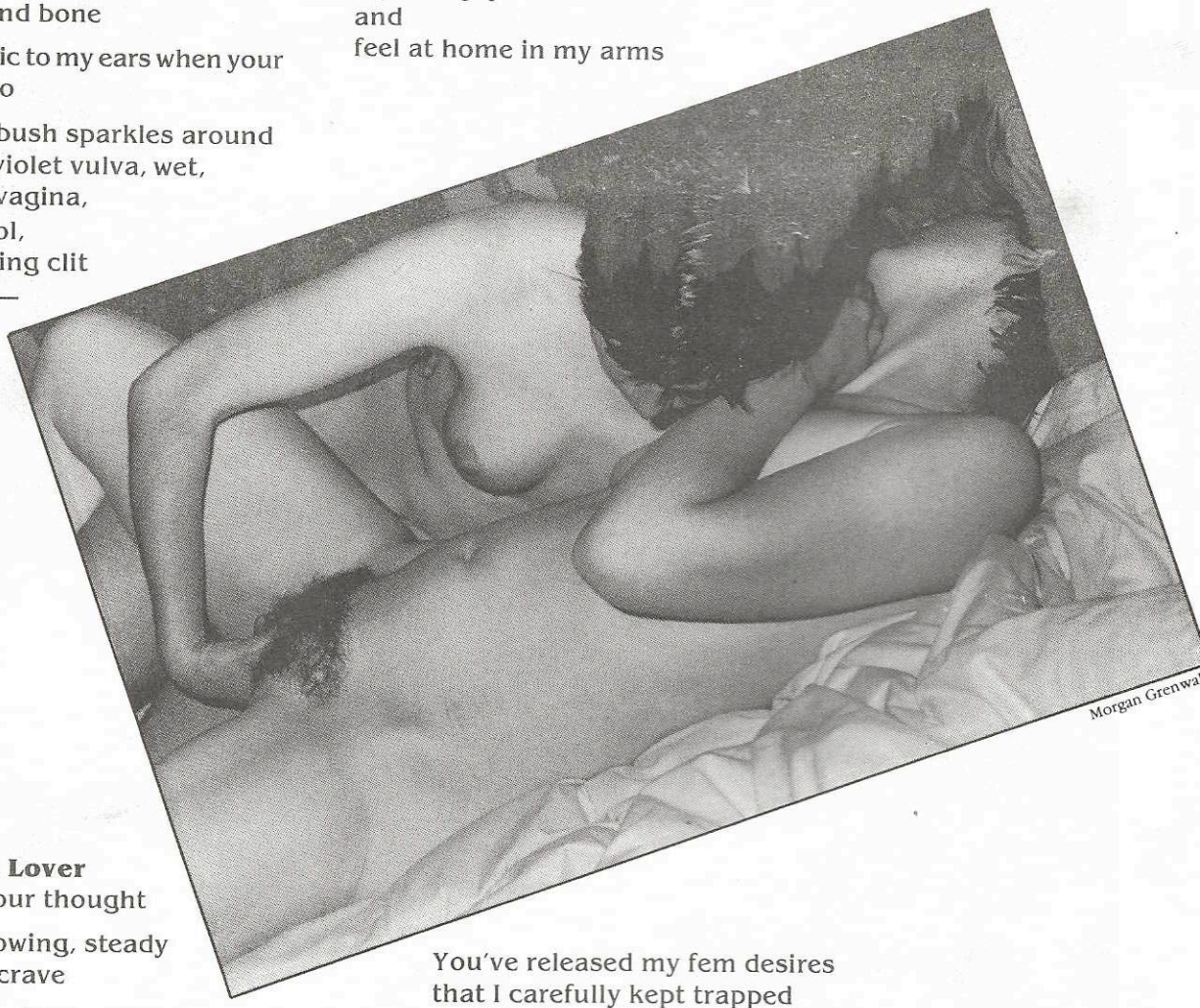
Your blond bush sparkles around
your blood-violet vulva, wet,
your velvet vagina,
in my control,
your throbbing clit
begging me—

I touch you slow, soft then hard

You are the fine tuned instrument
of my desire

Your blood begins to boil and
I kindle your tits on fire

Sweet Tart
I want you to gush with juice,
cry with joy
and
feel at home in my arms



Morgan Grenwa

Gallant Lover

I gyrate at your thought

It is your knowing, steady
touch that I crave

Blond Butch with ice blue eyes
you are the gladiator in my cave

You open me up like a ripe melon
Sucking my juice like it was
the last on earth

You've extracted feelings I never
knew of and highlighted my
self worth

You make my levis so wet
the back of my knees are chapped

Your strong slender fingers should
be insured by Lloyd's of London

You've released my fem desires
that I carefully kept trapped

I'm your pink lady, your servile
matron, kid sister...
Take me strong, touch me deep,
make my cunt quake out of control

I scream a new language in
writhing ectasy

Your essence brightens my
darkest soul

Don't stop Muscle Mama
Keep fucking me
fucking me
fucking me...

© 1982 Morgan Grenwald

Incorrect View of the Beloved / PI Series

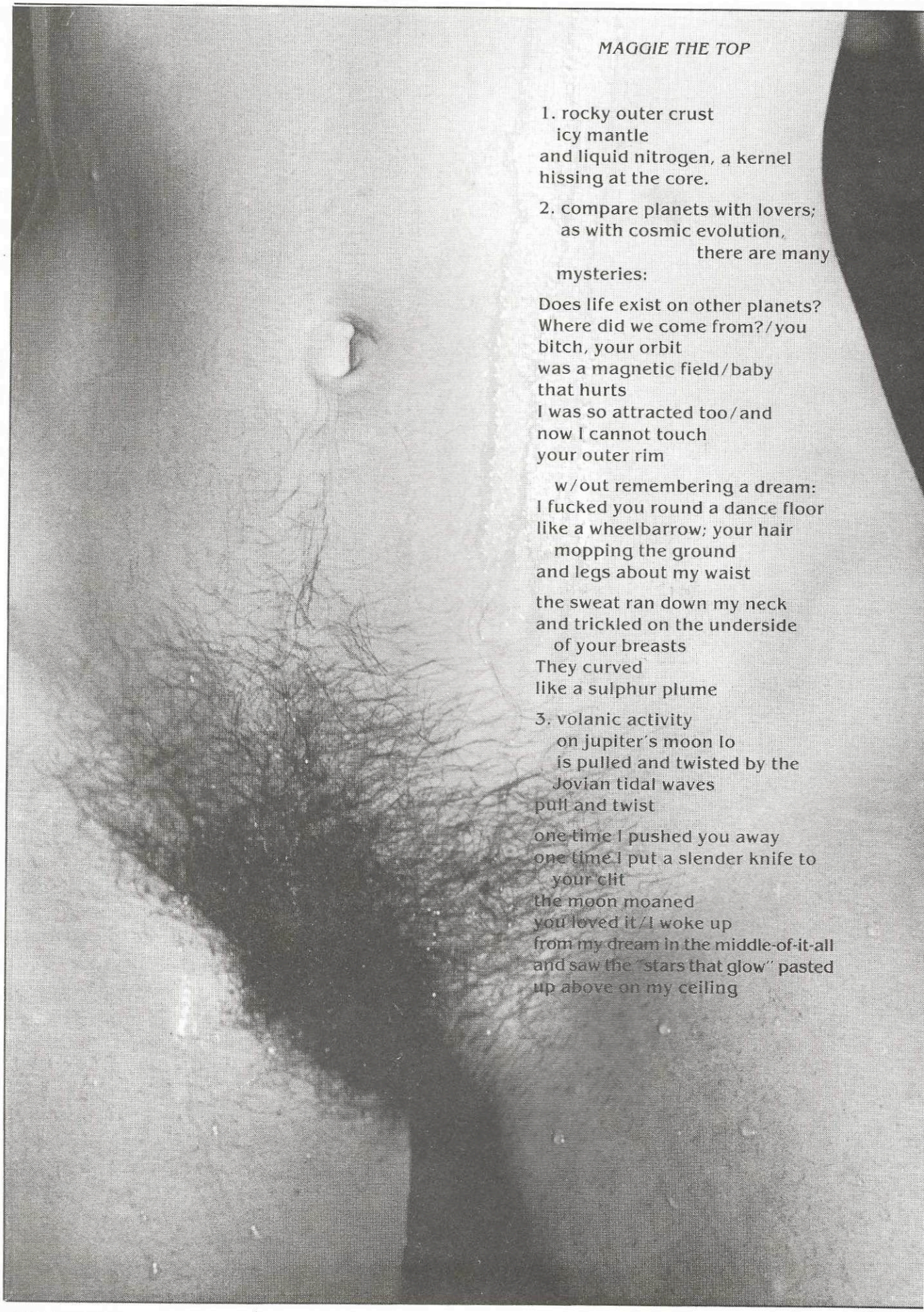
DAWN

I would as soon take her for a man
as for a tree
but even that would be sooner

she cuts the landscape
with her silhouette
the skyline of gravel, boxcars and
the shack where she punches in
the air is empty at 6 AM
and where she walks
She fills it
the spine grace of branches
could not rest easier on my eyes

the truck is orange with eight
speeds forward
and her hands on the wheel
are warm and dry
I know
those fingers steering my skin
waking me up
early

Sara Marsh



MAGGIE THE TOP

1. rocky outer crust
icy mantle
and liquid nitrogen, a kernel
hissing at the core.

2. compare planets with lovers;
as with cosmic evolution,
there are many
mysteries:

Does life exist on other planets?
Where did we come from?/you
bitch, your orbit
was a magnetic field/baby
that hurts
I was so attracted too/and
now I cannot touch
your outer rim

w/out remembering a dream:
I fucked you round a dance floor
like a wheelbarrow; your hair
mopping the ground
and legs about my waist

the sweat ran down my neck
and trickled on the underside
of your breasts
They curved
like a sulphur plume

3. volanic activity
on jupiter's moon Io
is pulled and twisted by the
Jovian tidal waves
pull and twist

one time I pushed you away
one time I put a slender knife to
your clit
the moon moaned
you loved it/I woke up
from my dream in the middle-of-it-all
and saw the "stars that glow" pasted
up above on my ceiling

Fran Roccaf

THE HARD EDGES

the hard edges of her face
watching me
it becomes harder still
the profile of a predator

the hard edges of her hands
her shoulderblades
and hips
places of worship
reasons to obey

and across her back
down arms and thighs
the muscles used, strained until
they raise in cords
defined in ridges
acquire hard edges

like the pieces of my heart
broken jagged
in the soft tissue of my chest

or the shell-halves
of my sex
rigid chafing
an ocean of wetness and rage
produced as quickly
as a slap

and the words
with hard edges:
promises, directions
everything spoken, explicit
except the threat

breathless surprise:

those words with hard edges
are mine

and you do come to me
bitter and reluctant
as success
sweet as unwilling pleasure
or sure defeat

you are obsidian
you will slice the palm
of anyone else who grabs you
after I have put
my hard edges against your
strength
and pushed

Pat Califia

Dawn Lewis

Their eyes slithered up her body and made her shudder. Straining for her breath she hissed in a soft whisper, "Well, butchy, are you a gentleman or just a punk in drag?"

PHANTOM

Alexis ordered champagne from the waitress, lit a cigarette, and sat back to survey the Saturday night bar crowd. Unimpressed, she flipped open her compact and examined her lipstick.

"Two dollars," the waitress said to Alexis' shapely thigh, protruding from the slit in her skirt.

"Fast. Are you always this fast?", Alexis said with a taunting, slow stare and a snap of her compact. The waitress slipped the bills from Alexis' fingers, winked and moved on to the next table. Alexis became distracted from her wistful gaze by a familiar form bouncing toward her. Waving and maneuvering, the woman gushed through the crowd, smiling enthusiastically from behind the net dangling across her face. To it was attached a red, pillbox hat. Diana had arrived; gloved hand extended.

"God, you look wonderful!", Alexis exclaimed as she kissed her hand in greeting. "That dress is stunning! Turn around!"

Diana swirled and presented a quick view of the back of her dress. The neckline scooped nearly to her red waist-cincher, falling in folds off her shoulders. The thin material clung desperately to the full curve of her hips. Smiling in amusement at the sight, Alexis wondered what it was about Diana's ass that begged to be impulsively turned over a knee and spanked. It must be all those wiggles and jiggles from her delightful derriere.

"Diana, you little tease, you look great! How *are* you?"

"Recovering nicely, Sweetie," Diana replied, alternately grinning and pouting as she gathered herself to sit down.

Alexis exhaled her cigarette and flashed a knowing smile, full of sisterly love for this flaming femme.

The feeling of being smothered in Diana's big tits the evening before rushed through her and she was again surprised at how effortless it had been to call the shots and tell Diana just how she was going to get it; where, when, how fast and in what order. Alexis remembered their joke afterwards about two femmes together being the 'real' lesbians and laughed aloud.

"What?", bounced Diana

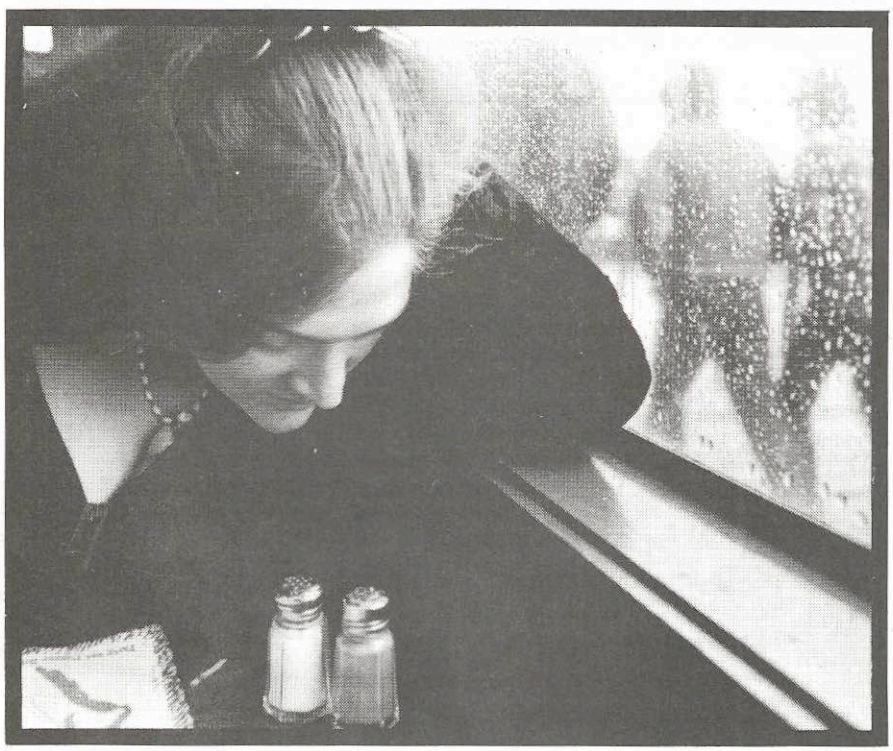
"Hi Lezzy!", Alexis teased.

They laughed. But what a predicament, Alexis thought. She needs a femme and I need an aggressive butch and they are both in short supply.

"If I see one more butch go by tonite with his tie all loose and hanging off him, I'm gonna go up and fix it good and tight!" Alexis voiced flatly.

"Ha! That's the spirit!", Diana retorted, then added encouragingly, "Hang in there, Honey. Life isn't all sex,

KNIGHTS



H.L. Cottrell

BY FANNY FATALE

sex, sex, you know."

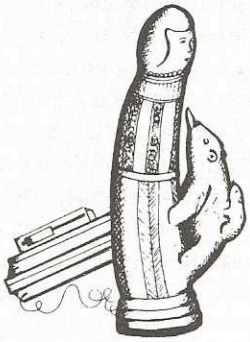
"If only it were." Alexis stamped out her cigarette, then relented. "After five years of commitment I'm in the mood to be wild for awhile. If it gets frustrating because it rarely seems possible."

Diana nodded in familiar sympathy. Alexis leaned her back against the brick wall as thoughts of her past lover, Stevie, stabbed through her memories. Stevie, who had taught her so much about the subtleties of appreciating female masculinity. Ha! of learning how to feel sensual, period! How many guys had she slept with, unsatisfied, and yet it took this she-man to make her attraction to the masculine blossom. It helped that they were emotionally on the same wave-length, and treated each other with respect and sensitivity. From there Alexis found it possible to let go sexually and explore all that Stevie had to offer. Above all, his ability to make the masculine sexy. Alexis loved to run her fingers lightly through his soft, dark hair, tracing the stiffness of his shirt collar, seeking his strong shoulders and the musk-warm scent of his sport coat. Her hands would wander to his pants, searching for the suprise she knew would always be there when she needed it most. Alexis moaned inwardly with longing to press her body against his, bring his weight down slowly over her, wrapping her legs around his tight ass, his bulge growing insistent at the cloth of her panties. She would go down on her knees for him again, yes she would. Damn him! *He* was responsible for her love of sucking a woman's cock. *He* was responsible for this longing tearing at her cunt, her need to feel a butch want her so badly he would overpower her, take her and fill her while she cried to be filled. She was hopelessly hooked. Her desires exposed. "I miss you. Oh, damn you, I miss you! How could you leave me like this?"

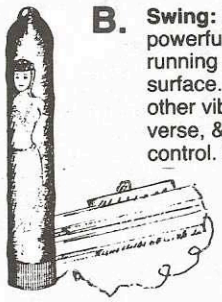
"Alexis," came a gentle voice in her ear, "this is Earth. And mother doesn't like it when you leave."

Diana stood over her, took her hands and planted a kiss on her forehead. Alexis opened her eyes to the shock of reality and Diana's luscious breasts only inches away. Trying to fend off Alexis' black mood, Diana tugged at her, urging her onto the dance floor. "Come on, Honey. This is your song. Let's dance!"

continued page 35



A. Beaver: The doll vibrates and rotates, while beaver and baby tickle with long vibrating tongues, dual controls; variable speed. 7" Beaver: **$39.95** 8¼ Large Beaver: **$49.95**



B. Swing: Internal coil creates powerful, undulating motion running up & down entire surface. A sensation like no other vibrator. Forward/reverse, & variable speed control. **$44.95**

VIBRATEX

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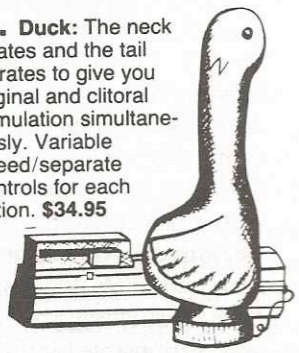
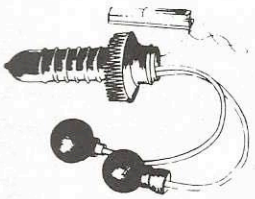


C. Duck: The neck rotates and the tail vibrates to give you vaginal and clitoral stimulation simultaneously. Variable speed/separate controls for each action. **$34.95**



D.

Inflation: Vibrates, pulsates, and inflates for a custom fit; variable speed. **$49.95**

E. Turtle: Thrusts, rotates, and vibrates. Turtle's tail flicks with variable intensity to give ultimate pleasure. Separate controls for each action. **$39.95**

☐ I request a free catalog. NO purchase necessary.

- **Probe Lubricant:** non-staining, greaseless, washes with water. $9.95
- **Emotion Lotion:** sensual warming oil, warms as you blow on it. Cherry, banana, strawberry. $5.95
- **After Hours:** 100% organic. Lickable oil, delicately flavored and scented. Strawberry, cherry, coffee, and orange. $9.95

NOTE: Vibratex is the exclusive importer & distributor of these vibrators from Japan.

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Please ship the mechandise I have indicated. I enclose $_____
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Signature: _____
This signature certifies I am over 18. No merchandise sent without signature.

Article Name	Quantity	Price Ea.	Total

Shipping Charge _____
Ca. Residents, 6.5% Tax _____
Total Enclosed _____

PHANTOM KNIGHTS

continued from page 33

The song *Maniac* from *Flashdance* reverberated around the bar penetrating Alexis' anger and persuading her body to bend and move.

Just a steel-town girl
On a Saturday night
Looking for the time of her life

In the real-time world
No one sees her at all
They all think she's crazy

Locking rhythms to the beat of her heart
Changing movement into light
She has danced into the danger zone
Where the dancer becomes the dance

There's a cold, connecting heat
Struggling, stretching for the beat
Never stopping, with her head against the wind

She's a maniac
Maniac on the floor
And she's dancing like she never danced before

You work all of your life
For that moment in time
It could come
Or pass you by

It's a hard won place of mystery
Touch it but can 't hold it

From the ice to the line of sanity
It's a place most never see
It's a push-shove world, but there's always a chance
If the hunger stays alive

It can cut you like a knife
If the gift becomes a fight
On the wire between what will and what will be

She's a maniac at your door
and she's dancing like she never danced before

©Michael Sembello & Dennis Matkosky, 1983. All Rights Reserved.

Alexis stood weakly, exhausted from her participation in this exposure of her sexual soul. Hot and sweaty, she tossed her hair back off her face, the blonde waves laying wild and swollen down her back. Two figures leaning against the bar swam before her bleary eyes. They were looking intently at her, discussing something, nodding. Alexis felt at a loss, reluctant to leave her dream world, and yet curious.

With a start she realized she was staring at two attractive women, dressed for all their masculine essence was worth. A blonde with a perfect tie in a three-piece suit started to walk towards her. She waited. He came up to her. He leveled his steel blue eyes directly into hers. "I see you shake that thing as well as you dress it."

She stared back in silence, evaluating his bold remark. Then, she dared, "Once a whore, always a whore," running a blood-red fingernail down his tie. She met his cold eyes with fire. "It shakes even better, Blondie, when there's something worth flipping it at."

He grabbed her abruptly by the arm and ushered her off the dance floor. She was only too glad to be led, and to see his friend waiting by the car, door open. He eyed her body as they approached. His lips were tight and thin, cruelly handsome. "Get in," he told her.

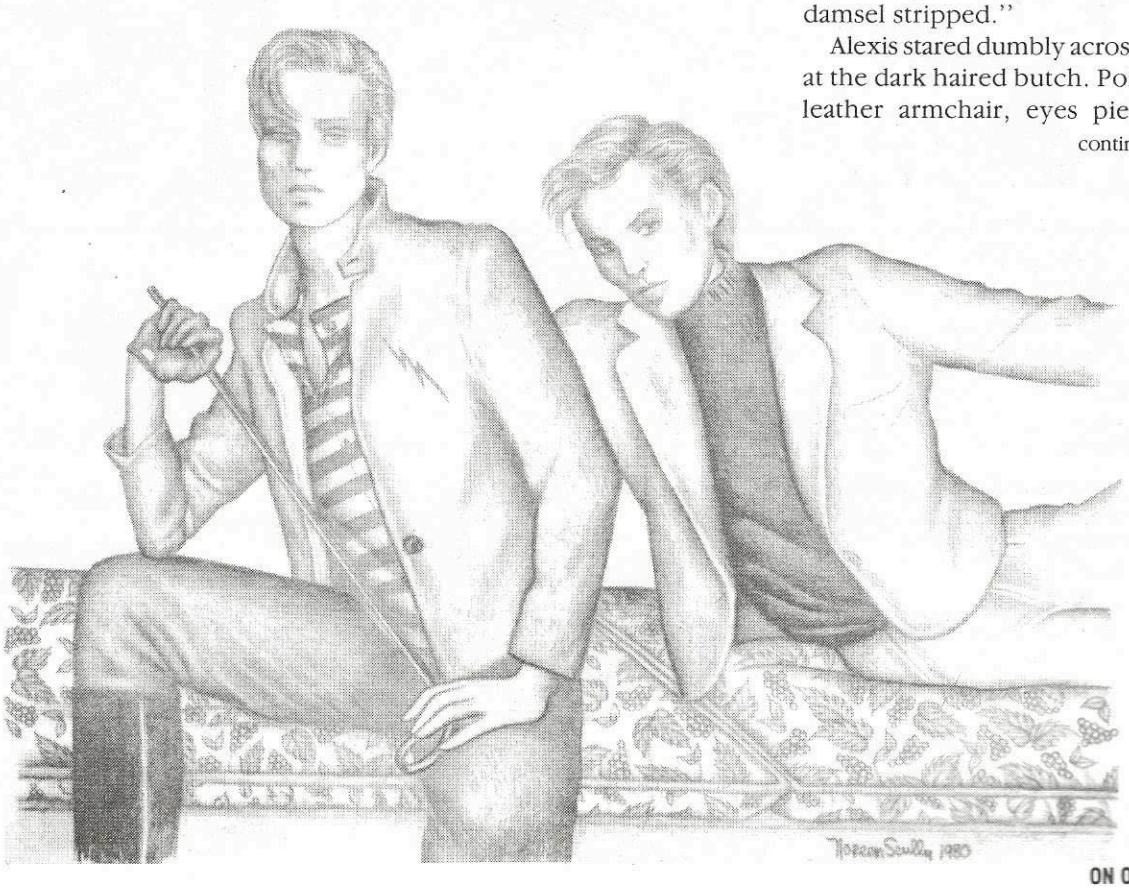
It was a short ride to the house and they escorted her quickly up the steps. Barely inside, the blonde pulled her close to his body. "I need to taste those slutty lips," he whispered. Bending her head back, he sucked hungrily at her flesh.

Her softness melted against his lean, hard thighs, her mouth full of his tongue, her body shuddering with pleasure at the bulge pressed against her stomach. She slipped her hands up inside his vest, his back warm and strong, felt his ass tight and hard, and pressed him into her.

"Enough of this. I want the little damsel stripped."

Alexis stared dumbly across the room at the dark haired butch. Poised in the leather armchair, eyes piercing and

continued page 40



1 INTRODUCTORY SPECIAL!

READERS LOOK! BIG DEALS!

A prize collection of books by more than thirty of the best women cartoonists in the world. Will amaze you with the vast range of art and storytelling. Ten books post-paid only

$10

2

LESBIAN AND GAY

Collection of five books written, drawn, and edited by lesbians and gay men. Post-paid for only

$ 7.50

3

Ten zany books

WOMEN LOOK AT SEX

PLUS!

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ISSUES #8 and #9 HOT OFF THE PRESS!

$2.00 ea

LAST GASP MAIL ORDER
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San Francisco, California 94110

Package # 1 _____ Enclosed $10.00
Package # 2 _____ Enclosed $ 7.50
Package # 3 _____ Enclosed $12.50

I am 18 years of age _____ All 3 _____ $30.00
Signature

READERSHIP SURVEY

In order to meet our goals of informing, entertaining, and arousing our readers, we need to know who you are and what you want. Please take a few minutes to fill out this survey. Feel free to omit or add categories. Your response is appreciated!

RESIDENCE:

	URBAN	RURAL
U.S.A.: East	☐	☐
West	☐	☐
Midwest	☐	☐
South	☐	☐
Canada	☐	☐
Other	☐	☐

EDUCATION:

- ☐ High School
- College:
- ☐ 2 years
- ☐ 4 years
- ☐ Grad School

AGE:

- ☐ 18-20
- ☐ 21-30
- ☐ 31-45
- ☐ 45-64
- ☐ 65 +

INCOME:

- ☐ 0-$8,000
- ☐ 8,001-15,000
- ☐ 15,001-25,000
- ☐ 25,001+

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR: (Check as many boxes as apply to you)

		Frequency			
		rarely or never	up to & including once a month	once a month—once a week	once a week—daily
HAVE SEX WITH:	MYSELF	☐	☐	☐	☐
	WOMEN	☐	☐	☐	☐
	MEN	☐	☐	☐	☐
GROUP:	WOMEN ONLY	☐	☐	☐	☐
	MIXED	☐	☐	☐	☐

SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS:

		Duration			
		1-6 mo.	6 mo.-1 yr.	1 yr.-5 yr.	over 5 yr.
My present status is:	single, no partners:	☐	☐	☐	☐
	single, 1 or 2 partners	☐	☐	☐	☐
	single, 3 or more partners:	☐	☐	☐	☐
	coupled, no outside partners:	☐	☐	☐	☐
	coupled, one or 2 partners:	☐	☐	☐	☐
	coupled, 3 or more partners:	☐	☐	☐	☐

ADVERTISING:

1. Will you patronize any of the businesses, services, or products advertised in this issue? Yes: ☐ 1 or 2 ☐ 2 or more; No: ☐
2. Out of the following services and products, what do you most frequently spend your income on?

Sex-Related	*OFTEN*	*SOMETIMES*	*RARELY*	*NEVER*
Massage oils & lubricants	☐	☐	☐	☐
Toys: vibrators, dildos, etc.	☐	☐	☐	☐
Leather clothing & accessories	☐	☐	☐	☐
Educational publications	☐	☐	☐	☐
Entertainment publications	☐	☐	☐	☐
Workshops, classes, therapy	☐	☐	☐	☐
Films & videos	☐	☐	☐	☐
Clubs & organizations	☐	☐	☐	☐
Home sex toy parties	☐	☐	☐	☐

Non-Sex Related	*OFTEN*	*SOMETIMES*	*RARELY*	*NEVER*
Political organizations	☐	☐	☐	☐
Lesbian & women's publications	☐	☐	☐	☐
Counseling & therapy	☐	☐	☐	☐
Health care	☐	☐	☐	☐
Movies, theater, performance	☐	☐	☐	☐
Body work, personal growth	☐	☐	☐	☐
Sports	☐	☐	☐	☐
Eating out	☐	☐	☐	☐
Clubs, bars & discos	☐	☐	☐	☐

3. Overall, what is the appeal of the display advertisements you see in *On Our Backs?* ☐ *HIGH* ☐ *AVERAGE* ☐ *LOW*

Use of mail order offers:

4. From this issue I am ordering: (include free catalogs) ☐1 or 2 items ☐ More than 2 items ☐ None
5. My typical use of mail orders is: ☐ Once a month or more ☐ 1-6 times a year ☐ Rarely or never.
6. Have your ever placed or responded to a personal ad? ☐ yes ☐ no.

READER RESPONSE

1. How would you rate your enjoyment/turn on reaction to *On Our Backs* content:

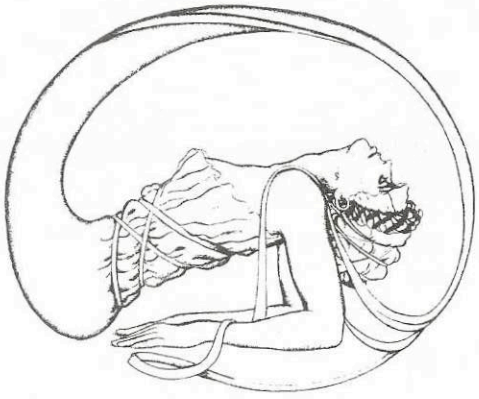
Enjoyment/Turn On:	*High*	*Medium*	*Low*
Visuals	☐	☐	☐
Poetry	☐	☐	☐
Articles: Fiction	☐	☐	☐
Non-Fiction	☐	☐	☐

2. What would you like to see more of in the next issue? _____

3. What were your favorite selections in this issue? _____

Exclusive!: Custom Leather Fashion Spread

Sara Jean Harper Came Last Night, by Deborah Henry



Featuring: "Video Lesbiana"—Our Review of X-Rated Film & Video

More Hot Stories, Pictures, Comix, & News from Adventurous Lesbians Everywhere!

ON OUR BACKS

No. of copies/items

_____ Yes! Send me *On Our Backs, Issue II, Fall 1984.* I enclose $3.50 per copy. (Regular retail price is $4.00).

_____ Also, send me back issue(s) of *On Our Backs I, Summer, 1984.* $3.50 per copy.

_____ I would like the mini vibrator(s) with buzz bag. $5.75 each. (See display ad on p. 47).

_____ I would like the satin hankerchief in _____ color (s). $1.75 ea. (See display ad on p. 47).

Name _____

Address _____

Signature _____

I hereby certify that I am over 18 years of age.

On Our Backs will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope. Your name & address will be kept strictly confidential. Subscriptions are not available at this time.

WHAT HAPPENS . . .

continued from page 19

up by holding onto me and leaning against the door, and I take my arm from around your neck, undo your overall straps and reach up underneath your shirt. I grab your breast and pull a little, then let my fingers slide down until I am holding just the nipple. I begin to pinch and pull the nipple really hard. I am pinching the nipple in the same rhythm that I am fucking your cunt, in and out, very very hard all over your cunt and on your tits. You are screaming and moaning with pleasure now "oh judith, oh yes, oh oh no, yes yes yes" and the orgasms start. I feel your cunt tightening around my thumb, tightening hard around my hand, but I keep pushing inside of you harder and harder. My arm presses across your belly and as my hand fucks your cunt, my arms rubs skin against skin with a hot friction.

You are screaming now, and wiggling hard, pushing against the door. I change my hand to your other breast—the nipple is already standing up hard from being excited, and I begin to tease this breast too. A little pinch, a gentle stroke, a hard pinch on your nipple, and you are coming and coming, the muscles of your cunt squeezing hard and wet on my thumb which just keeps fucking you in and out harder and harder. I pinch your nipple really hard and push my fingers inside your cunt. Now I have my thumb on your clit and three fingers inside you and the seam of your pants is pressing hard against your asshole as I fuck you with my fingers. You are coming and screaming and wiggling and I am fucking you harder and harder and pinching your tits again and again. You are gasping for breath but I press my mouth against yours, then move to bite your neck and pinch you and fuck you all in the same moment. You give a huge shudder, a huge orgasm, your cunt clamps down so tight around my fingers I cannot move, then you manage to say "wait please...just a minute, wait..."

I hold perfectly still, my hand still in your cunt, my bone still pressed on your clit, the crack of your ass still rubbed by your pants, my hand still on your nipple. You are gasping and shuddering with the aftershocks of orgasms. Then you say "I think I need you to take your hand out..." but as I start to move it and rub it against lkyour clit, your "wait" becomes an "oh yes, please do, yes" and I rub your clit and pinch your breast and bite your neck and your lips and your ear for just another few seconds until you come again.

This time, your knees really do give way, and I half carry you into the living room and help you lay down on the rug. I grab the afghan, and lay down next to you, holding you and snuggling you as you have aftershock orgasms, and breathe harder, hard, less hard as you begin to calm down. Your gorgeous body presses full length into mine, and I marvel for the billionth time at the pleasure of two fat bodies together.

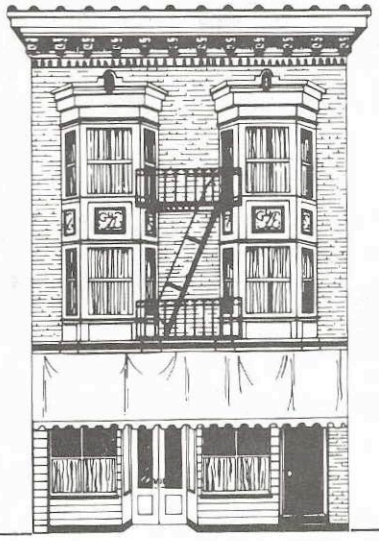
We are lying there, and I am holding you tight next to me, rubbing your back and kissing your sweaty face and loving you very much. When I rub down your ass towards your cunt, your breathing quickens, and I think maybe I can make love to you some more. But you move my hand, and tell me to hold still, and then we lay quietly for a few minutes, just resting.

The next movement is you turning over and leaning into me, leaning over to kiss me. You start to unbotton my shirt, what few buttons are still closed, but get impatient, reach up underneath, grab hold of my tit and pull it out...but what happens next, well, that's another story.

Taking a Holiday in the Bay Area?

Visit Baybrick Inn!

- women-only lodging in our 15-room, European-style inn (reasonable rates: daily, weekly, monthly)
- two full bars
- large, airy dance floor and live DJ's
- Twilight Happy Hours on weekdays, with live cabaret entertainment
- Baybrick Rock: live rock 'n roll shows every Monday



baybrick inn

1190 Folsom Street
San Francisco, CA 94103

Hotel Reservations: 10 am to midnight — *call 415-431-8334*

PHANTOM KNIGHTS

continued from page 35

alert, thin lips stretched over villain white teeth, he sat in detached disregard toward her reaction. She turned pleading eyes back to the blonde, but he only shook his head, feigning dismay.

"My friend is so rude. Forgive him. But I'm afraid what he says goes." He crossed his arms and leaned against the wall. "Come on, you heard him. Expose it!"

Alexis hesitated a moment too long, for a slap stung her across the face. She cried out in surprise, alarmed at the swift cruelty in this sweet-faced blonde. She thought ruefully how the blow was more the speed of that sneering butch.

With trembling fingers, she unbuttoned her dress, letting it fall slowly to the floor. White and inviting, her breasts overflowed her black lace bra; her panties strained to hold in the round curves of her ass, the garters and hose bit into her thighs. She felt small and alone in the middle of the room; her cheek burning, her crotch aching painfully. Their eyes slithered up her body and made her shudder. Straining for her breath she hissed in a soft whisper, "Well, butchy, are you a gentleman or just a punk in drag?"

His mocking laugh echoed in her ears. He deliberately stroked his bulge; shifting his crotch, needing to free himself from the confining pants. A muscle twitched in his jaw.

"Does a gentleman offer loose trash his cock to suck?"

He pointed to the floor at his feet. "Come here."

Feeling rather light-headed, Alexis walked toward his chair. He grabbed a handful of hair and pulled her face into his lap. Flushing and wide-eyed, Alexis saw him unzip his pants, felt his cool rod enter her mouth. It throbbed, stiff and swollen between her lips as he guided it in and out, her juices running down the side.

The blonde came up behind her and tore her panties away. He probed her upturned cunt with determined fingers, then shoved them in deep. The rush spread throughout her body, leaving her gasping and greedy. "Fuck me!" she screamed. "Oh god, you bastard, take me!" So he entered her from behind, slowly, very slowly, his cock stretching her wide, until he was surrounded with burning softness.

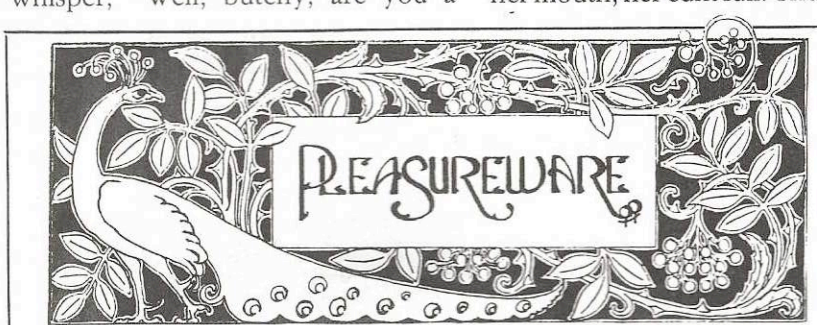
She sucked insatiably at the cock in her mouth, her cunt full. The butch stiffened and moaned, his hands pulling her hair down, and Alexis opened her throat to his coming.

Fed by their lust for her, eroticizing their need, she pushed her legs wide, thrusting her cunt down hard, again and again, on his cock. Straining to open herself for him, she exploded hard, with a long, rolling convulsion and a searing scream.

Alexis buried her face in the butch's warm crotch, his cock against her cheek, her cunt crazy for the last hard thrusts of the blonde's cock as he strained to consume all of her groaning, "Come on, party girl, take it. Take all of it." He emphasized each word with a push of his cock. "I'm going to come in you. Deep in you." Then he fell exhausted onto her back.

Alexis lounged on the couch, nestled in the blonde's arm. She was wrapped in a cozy bathrobe, nursing a spiked coffee. The butch had come into the living room to retrieve his cock, which he had plunked on the table after he had no further use for it. He was sporting a pair of boxer shorts. "My Annie Kleindykes," he called them.

"So tell me, Terry," Alexis said to the blonde, "the name of your handsome friend whose acquaintance I've so in-



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timately just met."

The blonde chuckled. "This is Lee. Lee, Alexis."

"It was a pleasure," said Lee.

Alexis batted her eyelashes at him, playing the damsel. "Thank you for coming to my rescue. It can be fairly desolate sexually in dykedom as I'm sure you know."

"We've had that experience too, unfortunately. You were a wonderful surprise!", Terry said, giving her leg a pat.

"I was beginning to get rather desperate, wondering if I shouldn't go cruise the straight bar. A girl gets hard up sometimes. It's better than nothing." said Alexis. Eyeing the women's cock in Lee's hand, she said, "But that is by far my first love. Speaking of which, are you two lovers?"

"Yes. But Lee knows I need to be with a femme now and then." said Terry.

"I forgive you," said Lee.

Alexis laughed. "Well, here's to a charming circle. One gay, one bi and one straight."

"Straight? So your femme friend was not a lover?" asked Terry.

"We are very close friends, and it's true we have had some intimate moments, but I'm mainly attracted to butches. You are who you are, I guess," shrugged Alexis. "I'm sure you can understand my preference, Lee."

He nodded. "It seems we have something in common."

Alexis ran her finger around the lip of her cup, then asked Lee, "Who were you fantasizing I was?"

"A drag queen."

"Of course," Alexis laughed. "And you, Terry?"

"I was just turned-on to the whole scene. You know, two guys, one very attractive woman" he said, looking warmly at her.

"Me, too. Though I like the aggressiveness best of all," said Alexis, rubbing her still burning cheek. Terry smiled aplogetically and kissed it.

They sat in silence for a moment, relaxing, pleased with themselves and their good luck. "This calls for a toast. It's one in a million," said Lee, as he downed the last of his beer.

"Here! Here!"

"Anyone care to join me in bed?" Lee inquired.

"Lead the way," said Alexis, sleepy but glowing. "Does the guest get the middle?"

"Sounds good to me," said Terry, leading her to the bedroom. "I hope you don't mind lazy Sunday mornings. Lee has a problem getting out of bed before he, uh, he..."

"Be MY guest," Alexis smiled slyly, jumping into bed.

TAKING

continued from page 21

it." Over and over again. She is a total force over me and yet all her power is giving me myself. I know I am coming: all the need, the fear, the loneliness has slipped down around her fingers and she pulls at them as she moves me. I am all in that place where her hand has found entrance.

I come on her fingers, contract and hold her inside of me. She feels me and whispers, "There is more, I am not letting you go yet." She moves around inside of me, making my body flinch with more comings. All my strength is in my hands, my arms embracing her strength, feeling her shoulder move with the power of her entries. I fall back on the table; my head drops back and she begins to leave me. I know it will not be easy. I have locked around her fingers and she must carefully break the grip of my body's gratefulness.

When my strength returns, I will thank her by kneeling in front of her and taking here wetness in my mouth. I will hold her legs strong against me, my breasts holding her up, and I will slowly carefully wisely using my tongue's tip and its wide surface and my teeth and the power of my mouth give to her my love and her pleasure.

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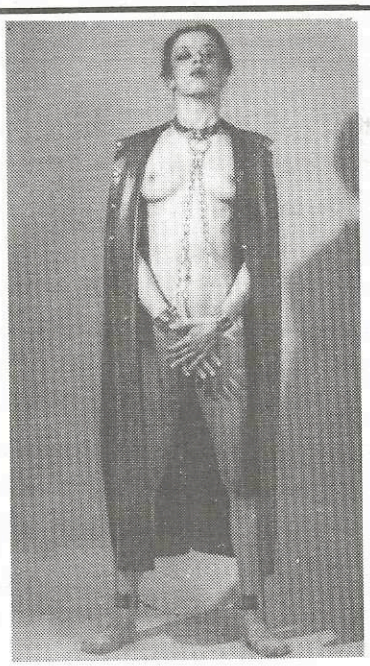

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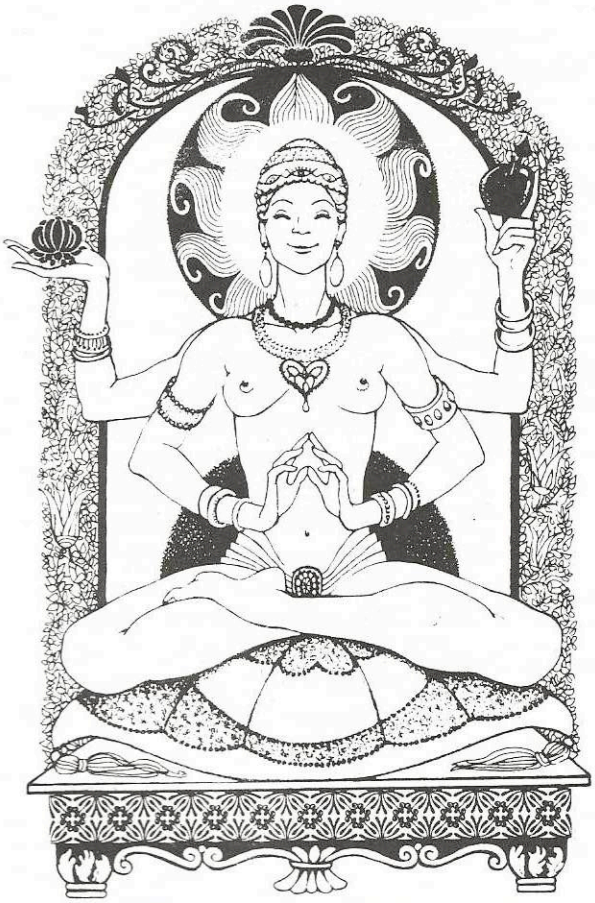

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PIECE OF TIME

continued from page 9

I knelt to rinse the tub.

"No, I can do that. I'll do it, please."

She came toward me, a look of alarm on her face. I laughed. She reached for the cleaning rag in my hand as I bent over the suds, then she laughed too. As I kneeled on the edge of the tub, my cloth came unwrapped and fell in. We both tried to retrieve it from the draining. My feet slid on the wet tile and I sat down on the floor with a thud.

"Are you hurt?" She said, holding my cloth in one hand, reaching out to me with the other. She looked only into my eyes. Her hand was soft and firm on my shoulder as she knelt down. I watched the line of the muscles in her forearm, then traced the soft inside with my hand. She exhaled slowly. I felt her warm breath as she bent closer to me. I pulled her down and pressed my mouth to hers. My tongue pushed between her teeth as fiercely as my hand on her skin was gentle.

Her arms encircled my shoulders. We lay back on the tile, her body atop mine, then she removed her cotton tee shirt. Her brown breasts were nestled insistently against me. I raised my leg between hers. The moistness that matted the hair there dampened my leg. Her body moved in a brisk and demanding rhythm.

I wondered quickly if the door was locked. Then was sure it was. I heard Ella call my name for the first time. I stopped her with my lips. Her hips were searching, pushing toward their goal. Ella's mouth on mine was sweet and full with hungers of its own. Her right hand held the back of my neck and her left hand found its way between my thighs brushing the hair and flesh softly at first, then playing over the outer edges. She found my clit and began moving back and forth. A gasp escaped my mouth and I opened my legs wider. Her middle finger slipped past the soft outer lips and entered me so gently at first I didn't feel it. Then she pushed inside and I felt the dams burst. I opened my mouth and tried to swallow my scream of pleasure. Ella's tongue filled me and sucked up my joy. We lay still for a moment, our breathing and the seagulls the only sounds. Then she pulled herself up.

"Miss..." she started.

I cut her off again, this time my fingers to her lips, "I think it's OK if you stop calling me Miss!"

"Carolyn," she said softly then covered my mouth with hers again. We kissed for moments that wrapped around us making time have no meaning. Then she rose. "It gets late, you know," she said with a giggle. Then pulled away her determination not yielding to my need. "I have my work, girl." "Not tonight, I see my boyfriend on Wednesdays. I better go. I'll see you later."

And she was out the door. I lay still on the tile floor and listened to her bangles as she ran down the stairs.

Later on the beach my skin still tingled and the sun pushed my temperature higher. I stretched out on the deck chair with my eyes closed. I felt her mouth, her hands and the sun on me and came again.

Ella arrived each morning. There were only five left. She tapped lightly,then entered. I would look up from the small table where I'd prepared tea. She sat and we sipped slow-

continued next page

ly; then slipped into the bed. We made love, sometimes gently, other times with a roughness resembling the waves that crashed the sea wall below.

We talked of her boyfriend, who was married and saw her only once or twice a week. She worked at two jobs, saving money to buy land, maybe on this island or her home island. We were the same age, and although my life seemed to already contain the material things she was still striving for, it was I who felt rootless and undirected.

We talked of our families, hers so dependent on her help, mine so estranged from me; of growing up, the path that led us to the same but different place. She loved this island. I did too. She could stay. I could not.

On the third night of the five I said, "You could visit me, come to the city for a vacation or..."

"And what I'm goin' to do there?"

I was angry but not sure at whom: at her for refusing to drop everything and take a chance; at myself for not accepting the sea that existed between us, or just at the blindness of the circumstance.

I felt narrow and self-indulgent in my desire for her. An ugly, black American, everything I'd always despised. Yet I wanted her, somehow, somewhere it was right that we should be together.

On the last night after packing I sat up with a bottle of wine listening to the waves beneath my window and the tourist voices from the courtyard. Ella tapped at my door as I was thinking of going to bed. When I opened it she came inside quickly and thrust an envelope and a small gift-wrapped box into my hand.

"Can't stay, you know. He waiting down there. I'll be back in the morning." Then she ran out and down the stairs before I could respond.

Early in the morning she entered with her key. I was awake but lying still. She was out of her clothes and beside me in moments. Our lovemaking began abruptly but built slowly. We touched each part of our bodies imprinting memories on our fingertips.

"I don't want to leave you." I whispered.

"You not leaving me. My heart go with you, just I must stay here."

Then..."Maybe you'll write to me. Maybe you'll come back too."

I started to speak but she quieted me.

"Don't make promises now, girl. We make love."

Her hands on me and inside of me pushed the city away. My mouth eagerly drew in the flavors of her body. Under my touch the sounds she made were of ocean waves, rhythmic and wild. We slept for only a few moments before it was time for her to dress and go on with her chores.

"I'll come back to ride with you to the airport?" She said with a small question mark at the end.

"Yes," I said, pleased.

In the waiting room she talked lightly as we sat: stories of her mother and sisters; questions about mine. We never mentionned the city nor tomorrow morning.

When she kissed my cheek she whispered, "sister-love" in my ear, so softly I wasn't sure I'd heard it until I looked in her eyes. I held her close for only a minute, wanting more, knowing this would be enough for the moment. I boarded the plane and time began to move again.

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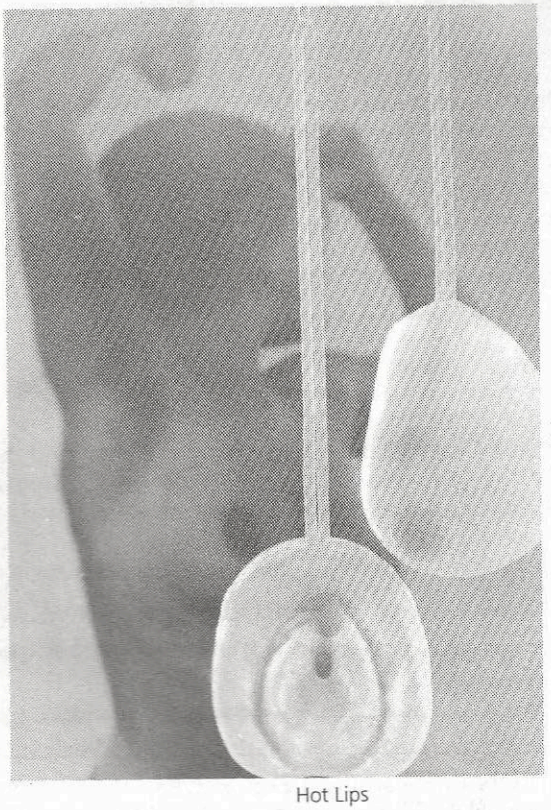

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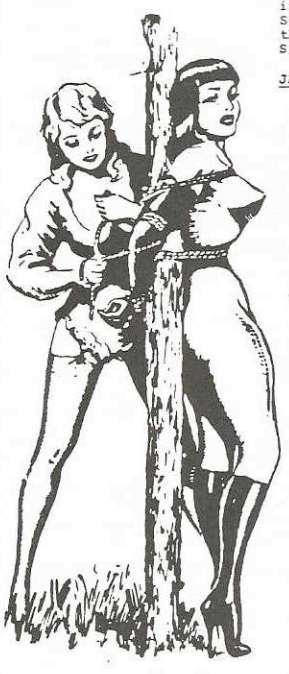

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

All work published in *On Our Backs* is protected by the author or artist's copyright. Permission to reprint is the sole authority of the author/artist. Contact publisher for inquiries.

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Susie Bright is the Advertising Director and Contributing Editor for *On Our Backs*. She is also the manager of Good Vibrations in San Francisco, and a performance artist of unique talent.

Judith Stein is a fat Jewish working class dyke from Boston and writes about Fat Liberation issues, and Jewish rituals and tales. This is her first sex story.

Fanny Fatale is the stage name for a lesbian stripper in San Francisco. She is the producer of many erotic dance shows for lesbians, and has authored articles on stripping and butch/femme sexuality.

Pat Califia is a freelance writer whose work appears in the gay and feminist press. She is the author of *Sapphistry,* a sex education book for lesbians. Currently, she is completing a book of pornographic stories.

Tee Corrine is an artist whose credits include the *Cunt Coloring Book,* the *Sinister Wisdom Poster, I Am My Lover* (portions), *A Woman's Touch* (portions), and most of the Naiad Press covers. Her book *Yantra's of Woman Love* is her current work.

Madronna Berries is a lesbian poet living in Seattle, Washington.

Honey Lee Cottrell is a photographer who lives and works in San Francisco. She is very serious about sex as a subject, as personal necessity, and as a self-indulgent luxury. She is currently selling tickets at a porn theatre on 7th & Market streets, and wishes more women would come in.

Morgan Grenwald is a photographer living in New York. Her credits include *Coming to Power.*

Cookie Hunt is a photographer living in Washington State.

Masako is a contemporary artist working in the style of the 19th century.

Sara Marsh loves, lives, plays and writes in the wet and wild Northwest where the women and the weather never leave a poet wanting for inspiration.

Laurie White, now of San Francisco, received an M.F.A. degree at the University of Pennsylvania in 1978. Her graphic credits include publication in *Big Mama Rag, Off Our Backs,* and *The Lesbian Inciter.*

Fran Roccaforte is a freelance photographer from Oakland, Ca. She can be contacted at: Earth Light Photography, POB 11511, Oakland, Ca. 94611. (415) 653-6592.

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Dawn Lewis is a graduate of San Francisco Art Institute, and a former artist-in-residence of the New Jersey State Art Council. She currently lives and paints in San Francisco. She has had shows at two womens' art galleries: Vida Gallery and Studio W.

Sarita Johnson: I have been the cover artist for *Onyx,* a Black lesbian newsletter in the Bay Area for the past two years. I enjoy knitting, crocheting, taking care of my 2-year-old daughter, and fantasizing.

Trix is a San Francisco editor, writer, cartoonist, and mystery woman.

Gladys Fewkes Knightly is an artist and writer who lives, works and sharply satirizes in England.

Katie Niles is a lesbian photographer from Ashland, Oregon. She has been doing photography for as long as she can remember. Woman-identified images are her main concern.

Maggie-the-Top is Susie Bright.

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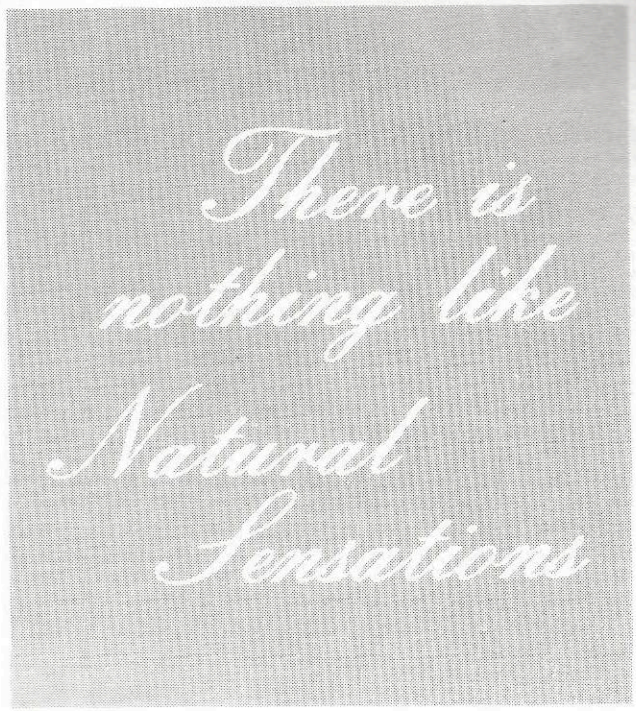

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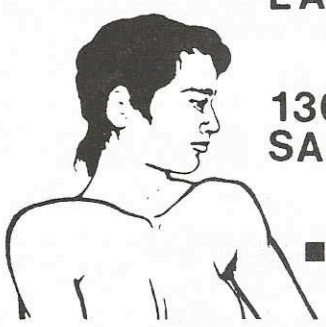

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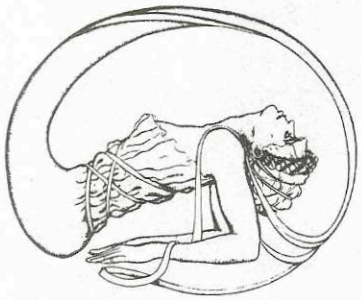

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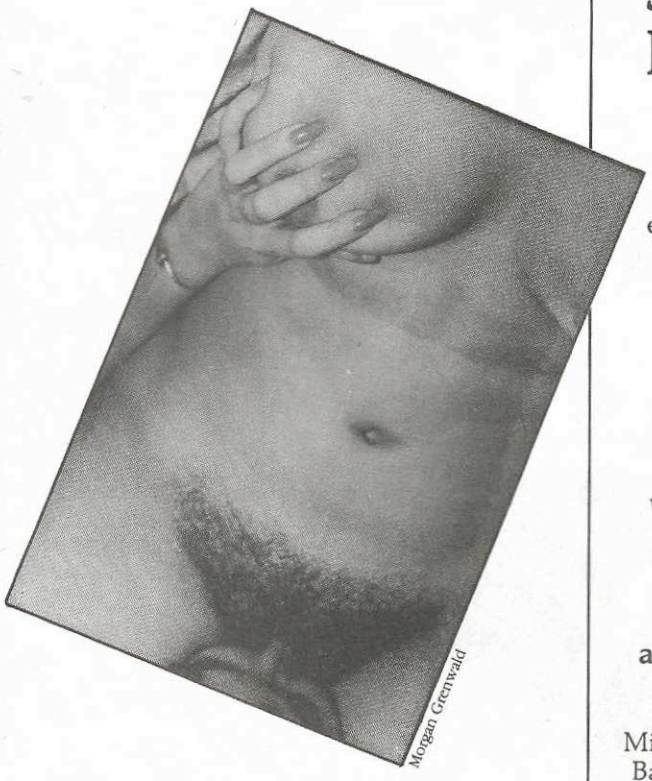

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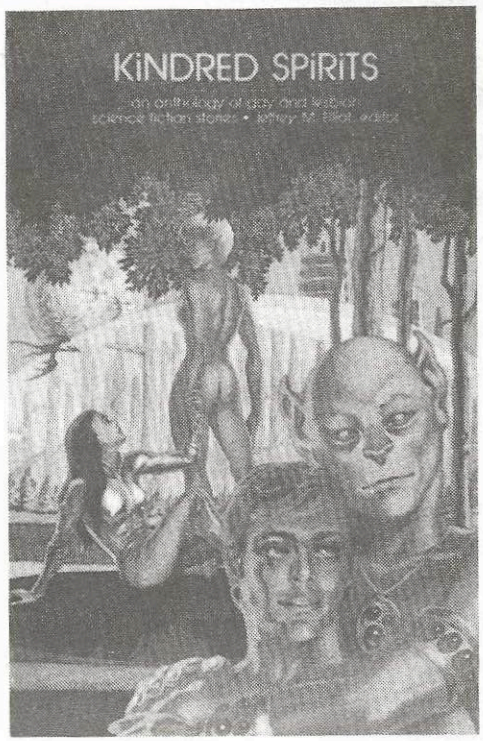

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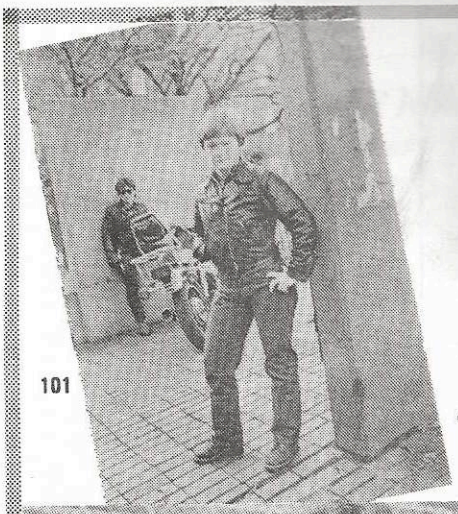

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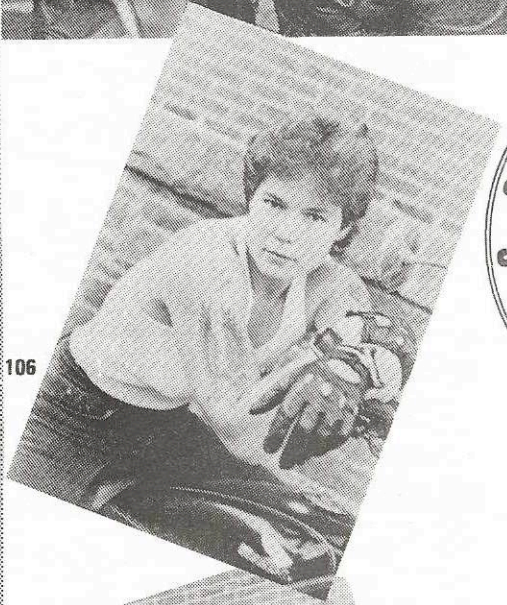

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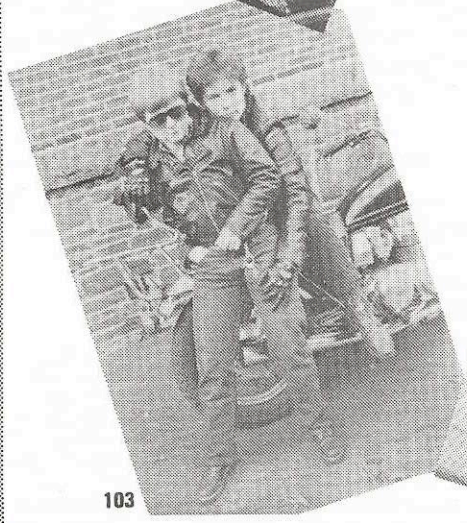

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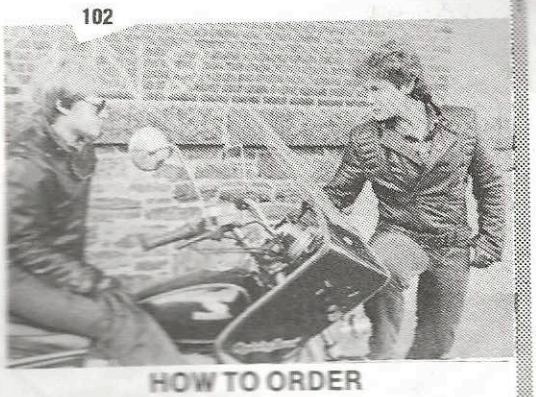

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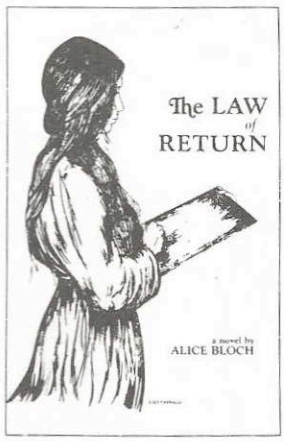

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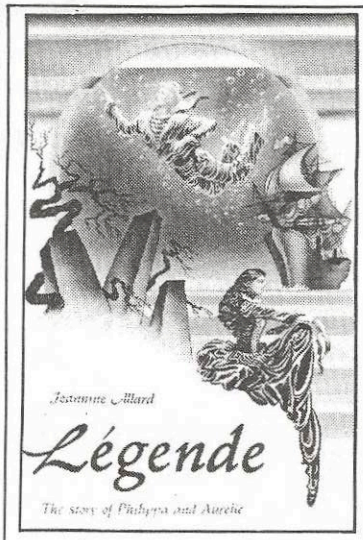

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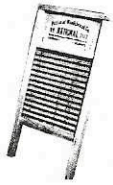

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